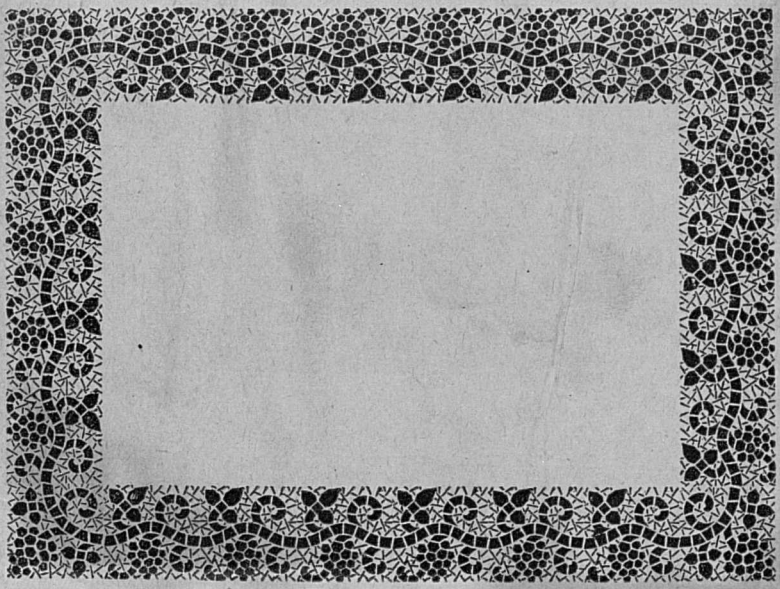
THE CHARM OF SWITZERLAND

NORMAN G. BRETT JAMES



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THE CHARM OF SWITZERLAND

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AN ANTHOLOGY

COMPILED BY

NORMAN G. BRETT JAMES

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DEDICATED

TO

THE RIGHT REVEREND

THE LORD BISHOP OF BRISTOL

FORMERLY PRESIDENT OF THE ALPINE CLUB, AND
NOW PRESIDENT OF THE ENGLISH BRANCH
OF THE LIGUE POUR LA CONSERVATION
DE LA SUISSE PITTORESQUE

PREFACE

THIS is the day of anthologies, and amid the many that have been published it is perhaps strange that one has not yet been issued devoted entirely to Switzerland, the playground and fairyland of Europe. It has long been the desire of the compiler to collect, first for his own pleasure and then for the pleasure of some of his friends, a series of passages in prose or verse describing the charm of the mountains, lakes, and history of the Swiss fatherland. Probably no anthology ever satisfied any one except its compiler, if, indeed, he is often content with his achievement; and an apology is usually required from any one who makes such a collection for sins of omission no less than for the inclusion of some less worthy work.

In former years Switzerland was a paradise for the wealthy, and it was a place somewhat difficult to reach. No one's education was considered quite complete until he had spent some weeks there, and as a consequence most of the great writers of the early Victorian period have left prose or verse descriptions of the scenery or of their experiences

amidst its charm. With the spread of education downwards and the improvement in mechanical means of locomotion, the delights of mountain and lake have been opened to a still larger public by the building of railways to centres of beauty, and in some cases to the summits of once untouched peaks. The charm of Switzerland used to consist in its inaccessibility, and in a feeling that there at least one could stand face to face with the elemental ideas of nature. Possibly these aspects of its beauty will soon be things of a lost and lamented past, but the damage to Switzerland itself and to the character of its folk will be incalculable. Among the first to recognize this fact are the Swiss themselves, and they have established a society to preserve their Heimatschütz, all the beauty, romance, and tone of their dearly loved homeland, which alien financiers and a few disloyal sons would essay to spoil. To all English people who value the recreative power possessed by the Swiss mountains the aims of this truly national society will surely appeal. It is the earnest wish of the compiler of this anthology that its publication, by reminding people of what Switzerland has been, and still to a large extent remains, may assist in some slight way the efforts of the Swiss to preserve the best features of a country and a people which have been endeared for so long to the hearts of the English.

The compiler's very sincere thanks are due to the following authors and publishers, who have most generously granted him permission to include much valuable copyright material, which has greatly increased the value of the anthology. To Mr. E. F. Benson for permission to quote from "Sheaves"; to Sir Martin Conway for his ready consent to the very considerable quotations which the compiler has made from his volume on the "Alps" (Messrs. A. & C. Black); to Mr. A. D. Godley, of Magdalen College, Oxford, for permission to quote some of his verses from the Oxford Magazine; to Mr. Francis Gribble for a quotation from a story in *The Idler* and for several passages from his "Early Mountaineers"; to Miss Bessie Hatton for some passages from the writings of her father, the late Mr. Joseph Hatton; to Mr. A. E. W. Mason, M.P., and his publishers, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, for certain passages from his Swiss novel "Running Water"; to Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co. for permission to use some extracts from the poems of the late Mr. Robert Browning; to Mr. Fisher Unwin for permission to quote from "Alpine Memories," by Javelle; to Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton for much kindness in securing for the compiler the latest text of his two Swiss sonnets; to Mr. Stanley J. Weyman, and his publishers, Messrs. Longmans & Co., for permission to quote

from "The Long Night"; to Mr. Edward Whymper for his kind permission for considerable quotations dealing with the Matterhorn; and finally, to Mr. and Mrs. Williamson for a few extracts from their charming Swiss story, "The Princess Passes."

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MOUNTAINS

THE CHARM OF SWITZERLAND

MOUNTAINS

THE snows of Mont Blanc and the cliffs of the Matterhorn would have their charm in the midst of a wilderness; but their beauty is amazingly increased when a weather-stained châlet rises in the foreground; when the sound of cow-bells comes down through the thin air; or the little troop of goats returns at sunset to the quiet village.

LESLIE STEPHEN

SWITZERLAND

IN the steamy, stuffy midlands 'neath an English summer sky,
When the holidays are nearing with the closing of July,
And experienced Alpine stagers and impetuous recruits
Are renewing with the season their continual disputes—

Those inveterate disputes
On the newest Alpine routes—
And inspecting the condition of their mountaineering boots;

You may stifle your reflections, you may banish them afar,
You may try to draw a solace from the thought of "Nächstes Jahr";
But your heart is with those climbers, and you'll feverishly yearn
To be crossing of the Channel with your luggage labelled "Bern"—
Leaving England far astern
With a ticket through to Bern,
And regarding your profession with a lofty unconcern.

They will lie beside the torrent, just as you were wont to do,
With the woodland green around them and a snowfield shining through.
They will tread the higher pastures, where celestial breezes blow,
While the valley lies in shadow and the peaks are all aglow—
Where the airs of heaven blow
'Twixt the pine woods and the snow,
And the shades of evening deepen in the valley far below.

They will scale the mountain strongholds that in
days of old you won,
They will plod behind a lantern ere the rising of
the sun,
On a "gat" or in a chimney, on the steep and
dizzy slope,
For a foot-hold or a hand-hold they will diligently
grope—
On the rocky icy slope
(Where, we'll charitably hope,
'Tis assistance only moral that they're getting from
a rope).

They will dine on mule and marmot and on mutton
made of goats,
They will face the various horrors of Helvetian
table-d'hôtes ;
But whate'er the paths that lead them and the food
whereon they fare,
They will taste the joy of living, as you only taste
it there—
As you taste it only there,
In the higher, purer air,
Unapproachable by worries and oblivious quite of
care.

Place me somewhere in the Valais 'mid the
mountains west of Binn,
West of Binn and east of Savoy, in a decent kind
of inn,

With a peak or two for climbing and a glacier to explore;
Any mountains will content me, though they've all been climbed before—
Yes, I care not any more
Though they've all been done before,
And the names they keep in bottles may be numbered by the score.

Though the hand of time be heavy, though your ancient comrades fail,
Though the mountains you ascended be accessible by rail,
Though your nerve begin to weaken, and you've gouty grown and fat,
And prefer to walk in places that are reasonably flat,
Though you grow so very fat
That you climb the Gorner Grat,
Or perhaps the little Scheideck—and are rather proud of that;
Yet I hope that till you die
You will annually sigh
For a vision of the Valais with the coming of July;
For the Oberland or Valais and the higher, purer air,
And the true delight of living, as you taste it only there.

A. D. GODLEY
Second Strings

FIRST VISION OF MOUNTAINS

ALMOST universal is the feeling aroused by a first sight of a great snowy range that it is unearthly. Mystery gathers over it. Its shining majesty in full sunlight, its rosy splendours at dawn and eve, its pallid glimmer under the clear moon, its wreathed and ever-changing drapery of cloud, its terrific experiences in storm—all these elements and aspects strike the imagination and appeal broadly to the æsthetic sense. Nor are they ever quite forgotten even by the most callous of professional mountaineers.

. . . . . .

When age comes upon the mountain-lover, and his limbs grow stiff and his heart enfeebles, the desire to climb may slacken, but the love of mountains will not diminish. Rather will it take on again something of its first freshness. . . . The desire to obtain and to possess passes away. We know what it is like to be aloft. . . . We have learnt the secret of the hills and entered into the treasures of the snow. Now we can afford to rest below and gaze aloft. If the mystery of our first views can never return, the glow of multitudinous memories replaces it not unworthily. The peaks have became inaccessible once more. They again belong to another world—the world of the past. The ghosts of our dead friends people them, and the ghosts of our dead selves. When the evening glow floods them at close of day, it

mingles with the mellow glories of the years that are gone. The old passionate hopes and strivings, the old disappointments and regrets, the old rivalries and the old triumphs, vaguely mingling in a faint regret, beget in the retired mountaineer an attitude of peace and aloofness. He feels again the incommunicable and indescribable delight that thrilled him at the first; but now, though it is less passionate, less stimulating, less overwhelming than of yore, it is mellower and not a whit less beautiful and true.

W. M. CONWAY
The Alps

FIRST MOUNTAINEER

THE prophet who saw the vision of the Almighty could speak only by aid of types and shadows. The great revelations of nature's majesty are not describable. Who that has never seen a thunder-storm could learn its majestic quality from description? Who can enter into the treasures of the snow by way of words? The glory of a great desert must be seen to be realised. The delicate magnificence of the Arctics none can translate into language. We may speak of that we do know, and testify that we have seen, but no one receives our testimony, because words cannot utter the essential facts.

. . . . . .

On the third morning the sun rose in a sky perfectly clear. When I looked from my window

across the green country and over the deep-lying lake of Thun, I saw them—"suddenly—behold—behold." Jungfrau, Mönch, Eiger, and the rest, not yet individuals for me, not for a long time yet, but all together, a great white wall, utterly unlike any dream of them that had visited me before, a new revelation, unimaginable, indescribable, there they stood, and from that moment I also entered into life.

W. M. CONWAY
The Alps

HUMAN INTEREST

IT is above all the human interest that ennobles a peak and makes the ascent of it desirable. It is to climb an elevation that men have seen; to climb a peak that has been named, that has been looked at for centuries by the inhabitants at its base, that travellers have passed by and observed, that has a place in the knowledge and memory of men. This was one of the main attractions of the unclimbed Alps to early explorers of the high level. Mont Blanc was known of old. How many generations of men had looked from Thun at the Oberland giants and told stories about them? How much the famed devils and dragons added to the fascination of the Matterhorn! The Alps had looked down upon the march of armies and the flux of peoples for uncounted thousands of years. Their solitudes were peopled by the dreams

of all the generations that had passed by them or dwelt amongst them. The subliminal consciousness that this was so counted for so much in the strong attraction that drew the pioneers aloft.

W. M. CONWAY
The Alps

THE CLIMBER IN RAIN

CLOUDS lie low and rain is pouring from them, but he must sally forth. Before long he loses sense of discontent, and finds himself entering into the spirit of the day. The pouring clouds are a low roof over his head ; their margins rest on the pines, defining the tops of some and half-burying others. Every outline is softened, every form vague. Perhaps a glacier snout looms dimly forth, with all the stones upon it glistening with wet. Everything is wet, and all local colours are enhanced. The grass glistens in every blade ; so do the flowers and the pebbles on the footpath. How sweetly everything smells ! All has been washed clean. There are no dusty bushes. Water drips and tinkles everywhere. Little springs arise every few yards ; rivulets fall down every bank. An infinite number of little treble voices unite in the chorus, and can be heard near at hand alone. Farther off they are lost in the great "whish" that fills the air. Surely the clouds must be draining themselves dry ! But, no ! They form as fast as they fall. One sees them gathering at the edge

by the trees. Long stretches of mist lie on the hills below the general level or move slowly along,

"Reach out an arm and creep from pine to pine."

W. M. CONWAY
The Alps

CLOUDS AND SNOW

THIS final onrush is often a most magnificent and solemn sight. The gathering squadrons of the sky grow dark, and seem to hold the just departed night in their bosoms. Their crests impend. They assume terrific shapes. They acquire an aspect of solidity. They do not so much seem to blot out as to destroy the mountains. Their motion suggests a great momentum. At first, too, they act in almost perfect silence. There is little movement in the oppressively warm air, and yet the clouds boil and surge as though violently agitated. They join together, neighbour to neighbour, and every moment they grow more dense and climb higher. To left and right one sees them, behind also and before. The moments now are precious. We take a last view of our surroundings, note the direction we should follow, and try to fix details in our memory, for sight will soon be impossible. Then the clouds themselves are upon us—a puff of mist first, followed by the dense fog. A crepitating sound arises around us: it is the pattering of hard particles of snow on the ground. Presently the

flakes grow bigger and fall more softly, feeling clammy on the face. And now probably the wind rises and the temperature is lowered. Each member of the party is whitened over; icicles form on hair and moustache, and the very aspect of men is changed to match the wild surroundings.

W. M. CONWAY
The Alps

WINTER SNOW

ANOTHER winter glory is the snow drapery of the lower slopes and glaciers below the snow-line. All minor asperities of surface are smoothed away. Flowing lines take the place of broken ones, and large surfaces, most delicately modelled, predominate. In summer you must climb to the high snow-fields to behold the delicate modelling of which snow is capable on a large scale, but in winter such sights are all around you. To watch the play of sunshine upon them from dawn to dusk, and the even more fascinating appearance they assume under brilliant moonlight, is joy enough for the hungriest eyes.

Then there are the frozen cascades by every roadside, glittering, clustered columns of ice fit for fairies' palaces. One beholds them at almost every turn, for the veriest trickle of water, so it be persistent, suffices to build them up. Nor must we forget to catalogue amongst the greater glories of Alpine winter the snow-laden forests. One day

the trees will be burdened down by loads of snow. Another, every sprig and pine-needle will be frosted over by the most delicate incrustation of tiny ice-crystals, a natural lacework of surpassing fascination. When the early sun first shines upon such a scene, which night has prepared to be a revelation to the day, so magnificent a vision is provided that even the dullest perceive something of its beauty, and for a moment forget the trifles of their life.

W. M. CONWAY
The Alps

THE CLIMBER'S SECRETS

A MOUNTAIN may be a chunk of granite heaved up by I know not what play of forces and carved out by a perfectly orderly denudation, but to me, if I please, it is a maiden, an ogre, a golden throne. I can endow it with a character and reckon up friends and foes to it among its neighbours. Or I can call it a fairy palace and people it with sprites and dancing creatures of gossamer clothed in the dawn. No one can say me nay. Now and again, perhaps, I may whisper my dream to a sympathetic friend, but not often. For the most part we keep such heart-frolics of a happy hour in the inaccessible places of their origin. Brother climber! we have secrets of our own, you and I—secrets that we never told to one another, even when we stood side by side together on the mountain-top. But there was

a thrill within each of us, was there not? and each knew that with the other it was well.

W. M. CONWAY
The Alps

SNOW WITH A HISTORY

SNOW that vanishes away before it is a year old is generally feeble-looking stuff. It is only snow with a history, snow that has weathered twenty hot summers, that really tells in a view. The first is a mere inert covering of the ground; the second is a mighty and moving agent. In short, the one is dead; the other is alive. A sheet of snow, lying where it fell, is amorphous. It might be twice the size or half the size, and any single square yard of it would be the same. But a glacier, the moving accumulation of a score or scores of winter snowfalls, is a unit, and all its parts imply the rest. Increase or diminish the area, and you must needs change every detail, just as the whole body of a man is modified when he begins to grow stout or to waste away.

W. M. CONWAY
The Alps

A STORM

WHAT can be more superb than to watch the oncoming of such a visitant, to see the white valleys and dark precipices swallowed

up in the might of its embrace, to feel the power of its might and the volume of its onrush, and to see and feel all this with the sense of security such as a limpet may be conceived to feel in the presence of waves breaking upon it? Who would not wish to spend a few hours in the Eddystone Lighthouse in the midst of a December gale? That would surely be worth while.

W. M. CONWAY
The Alps

GREEN OF THE ALPS

THE green of the Alps is the true keynote of Swiss colour. To it all the rest are subordinate. By contrast with it, rather than with the remote transparence of the air-submerged rocks, the snows manifest their whiteness and the sky its blue. From season to season of the year it changes its tint between the shrill green of opening spring and the amber of autumn. It changes likewise from hour to hour beneath the varied slanting of the sunshine. How velvet-dark seems the Alpine belt at night when the moon is high! Even in the twilight you cannot tell that these slopes are grass-covered till

> "Under the opening eyelids of the morn
> The high lawns appear."

At first the sunshine lies upon them in patches, like carpets of gold on a rich green floor. The sunlit area increases as the gold itself changes

into green, whilst the dominant colour rises in the scale. Long before midnight the broad belt attains its unity of effect and divides the dark forests and deep valleys from the radiant heights. Most of us, who delight in mountain scenery, praise this peak or that, this broken glacier, wide-spreading snowfield, or intricacy of splintered ridges, forgetting that it is often the unobtrusive, tenderly-modelled Alps below that endow these high eminences with half their charm.

W. M. CONWAY
The Alps

NIGHT

WHO does not recall the velvety darkness of the sleeping valleys through which he passed near the midnight hour when just setting forth for some long ascent? How that contrasted with and set off the brilliancy of the star-spangled sky, where Orion, the Alpine climber's heavenly guide, shone over some col or darkly perceptible ridge, and bade him expect the coming of the day. Then as the trees are left behind and the open alp is reached, while night still reigns in her darkest hour, how sweet are the airs, how uplifting the sense of widening space and enlarging sky, how stimulating the wonder of the vaguely felt glaciers and mountain-presences around!

Oftenest, perhaps, it is moonlight when the climber starts earliest upon his way; then indeed

he beholds glorious scenes and revels in the sight, nor envies his sleeping friends in the valley below. Ah! dearly remembered splendours of full moonshine upon the snow! how gladly we retain the images of you in the very treasury of our heart! Yet who shall attempt to draw them forth for another or write down even a faint suggestion of their beauty for those by whom they have never been beheld? Surely at no time are the great snows endowed with more dignity, more of the impressiveness of visible size, more aspect of aloofness, of belonging to another and a nobler world, than when the full moon shines perfectly upon them. And then, too, how the snowfields glisten all over their wide expanse, yet with a pale effulgence that does not paralyse the eye! What velvet blackness embellishes the shadows! How the rocks are fretted against the snow! How clear are the foregrounds of glacier; how spiritual are the distant peaks; how softly lies the faint light in the deep hollows! Surely Night, the ancient mother, speaks with a voice which all her children understand.

W. M. CONWAY
The Alps

GLACIERS AS A TYPE OF HUMAN LIFE

POETS and philosophers have delighted to compare the course of human life to that of a river; perhaps a still apter simile might be found

in the history of a glacier. Heaven-descended in its origin, it yet takes its mould and conformation from the hidden womb of the mountain which brought it forth. At first soft and ductile, it acquires a character and firmness of its own, as an inevitable destiny urges it on its onward career. Jostled and constrained by the crosses and inequalities of its prescribed path, hedged in by impassable barriers which fix limits to its movements, it yields groaning to its fate, and still travels forward, seamed with the scars of many a conflict with opposing obstacles. All this while, although wasting, it is renewed by an unseen power—it evaporates, but is not consumed. On its surface it bears the spoils which, during the progress of existence, it has made its own often weighty burdens devoid of beauty or value, at times precious masses, sparkling with gems or with ore. Having at length attained its greatest width and extension, commanding admiration by its beauty and power, waste predominates over supply, the vital springs begin to fail; it stoops into an attitude of decrepitude; it drops the burdens, one by one, which it has borne so proudly aloft—its dissolution is inevitable. But as it is resolved into its elements, it takes all at once a new, and livelier, and disembarrassed form; from the wreck of its members it arises, "another, yet the same"—a noble, full-bodied, arrowy stream, which leaps rejoicing over the obstacles which before had stayed its progress, and hastens through fertile valleys towards a freer existence, and a

final union in the ocean with the boundless and the infinite.

J. D. FORBES

A ROSE OF DAWN

BEHIND the steep ascending ridge, and upon it, a series of clouds had ranged themselves, stretching lightly along the ridge at some places, and at others collecting into ganglia. A string of rosettes was thus formed which were connected together by gauzy filaments. The portion of the heavens behind the ridge was near the domain of the rising sun, and when he cleared his horizon his red light fell upon the clouds, and ignited them to ruddy flames. Some of the lighter clouds doubled round the summit of the mountain, and swathed its black crags with a vestment of transparent red. The adjacent sky wore a strange and supernatural air; indeed there was something in the whole scene which baffled analysis, and the words of Tennyson rose to my lips as I gazed upon it—

"God made Himself an awful rose of dawn."

J. TYNDALL
Glaciers of the Alps

A LAST LOOK

THE glacier below the mountains was in shadow, and its frozen precipices of a deep cold blue. From this, as from a basis, the

mountain cones sprang steeply heavenward, meeting half-way down the fiery light of the sinking sun. The right-hand slopes and edges of both pyramids burned in this light, while detached protuberant masses also caught the blaze and mottled the mountains with effulgence. A range of minor peaks ran slanting downwards from the summit of the Aiguille Verte ; some of these were covered with snow, and shone as if illuminated with the deep crimson of a strontian flame. I was absolutely struck dumb by the extraordinary majesty of this scene, and watched it silently till the red light faded from the highest summits.

J. TYNDALL
Glaciers of the Alps

ALONE ON A GLACIER

WANDERING slowly upwards, successive points of attraction drawing me almost unconsciously on, I found myself, as the day was declining, deep in the entanglements of the ice. A shower commenced, and a splendid rainbow threw an oblique arch across the glacier. I was quite alone ; the scene was exceedingly impressive, and the possibility of difficulties on which I had not calculated intervening between me and the lower glacier gave a tinge of anxiety to my position. I turned towards home, crossed some bosses of ice, and rounded others ; I followed the tracks of streams which were very irregular on this portion of the glacier, bending hither and thither, rushing

through deepest channels, falling in cascades and expanding here and there to deep green lakes ; they often plunged into the depths of the ice, flowed under it with hollow gurgle, and reappeared at some distant point. I threaded my way cautiously amid systems of crevasses, scattering with my axe, to secure a footing, the rotten ice of the sharper crests, which fell with a ringing sound into the chasms at either side. Strange subglacial noises were sometimes heard, as if caverns existed underneath, into which blocks of ice fell at intervals, transmitting the shock of their fall with a dull boom to the surface of the glacier.

J. TYNDALL
Glaciers of the Alps

AN ARTIST IN THE ALPS

NO less is the Master's art to be praised in views from valleys lying nearer the high Alpine ranges, where declivities slope down, luxuriantly overgrown, and fresh streams roll hastily along by the foot of rocks.

With exquisite skill, in the deep shady trees of the foreground, he gives the distinctive character of the several species, satisfying us in the form of the whole, as in the structure of the branches and the details of the leaves ; no less so, in the fresh green with its manifold shadings, where soft airs appear as if fanning us with benignant breath, and the lights as if thereby put in motion.

In the middle-ground, his lively green tone grows fainter by degrees; and at last, on the more distant mountain-tops, passing into weak violet, weds itself with the blue sky. But our artist is above all happy in his paintings of high Alpine regions—in seizing the simple greatness and stillness of their character: the wide pastures on the slopes, clothed with the freshest green, where dark, solitary firs stand forth from the grassy carpet; and from high cliffs foaming brooks rush down. Whether he relieve his pasturages with grazing cattle, or the narrow, winding rocky path with mules and laden packhorses, he paints all with equal truth and richness; still introduced in the proper place, and not in too great copiousness, they decorate and enliven these scenes, without interrupting, without lessening their peaceful solitude. . . . His views of deep mountain chasms, where round and round nothing fronts us but dead rock, where in the abyss, overspanned by its bold arch, the wild stream rages, are indeed of less attraction than the former, yet their truth excites us; we admire the great effect of the whole, produced at so little cost, by a few expressive strokes and masses of local colours. With no less accuracy of character can he represent the regions of the topmost Alpine ranges, where neither tree nor shrub any more appears; but only, amid the rocky teeth and snowy summits, a few sunny spots clothe themselves with a soft sward. Beautiful and balmy and inviting as he colours these spots, he has here wisely foreborne to introduce grazing herds; for these regions give food only to the

chamois and a perilous employment to the wild-hay-man.

WILHELM MEISTER (Goethe)
Trans. by Carlyle

EVOLUTION IN NATURE

EVERYWHERE in nature, life and death fight with each other foot to foot. Hence, as fast as the monstrous glacier retreated, vegetation followed, weaving a veil over the desolate spaces, the naked and worn rocks, the chaos of débris and the dry mud which it had left behind it. At first came delicate mosses and humble lichens; then poor little timid flowerlets, born between two stones, trembling daughters of the wind which had sown them; then, as soon as a thin coating of humus had formed, grass, which grew ever closer and thicker, and there no doubt, sweet rose-coloured or white saxifrages, pale anemones, and the pure blue stars of the gentians began to smile. Amongst the large boulders clung tufts, heath, juniper, rhododendron, which prepared the way for the arrival of firs and larches; while over the shallow slime stretched a soft carpet of delicate herbage. The vegetation had soon the complete victory; a thick mantle of bushes and forests covered the stern nakedness of the rocks, whilst here and there, on little terraces, grasses of tender green smiled at the sun. . . .

At last man came thronging up this wild valley. He crowned Life's victory; but, as a

monarch is impotent by himself, he had required an army to do the work for him step by step—that army of obscure soldiers of whom history never speaks—little mosses, slender grasses, frail saxifrages, that perished in combating a still too congenial climate, in order to prepare more comfortable quarters for the Lord of creation.

EMILE JAVELLE
Alpine Memories
(*By kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin*)

A NIGHT ON A MOUNTAIN

THE night came, a severe night; the sky was covered by clouds, and it was so dark that the vague pallor of the *névés* with difficulty pierced the gloom. Under one boulder we had lit a fire of juniper wood; its mobile reflections made our shadows dance on the neighbouring rocks, or suddenly illuminated some more distant boulders which reared themselves out of the night like pale and bizarre phantoms. When our frugal supper was over, and each of us had disposed himself on his couch made of branches of rhododendrons and tufts of herbage, a great silence fell. Nothing could be heard but the faint roar of the torrents in the bottom of the val, the occasional crackling of the embers on our own hearth, the rarer detonations of stones rolling down the great couloirs. Soon by the regular breathing of my companions, I should judge that they were asleep; the sense of my

solitude became by so much the more palpable, and not desiring even to fall asleep too speedily, I passed a part of my night in listening to all those unaccustomed sounds, in following by the intermittent reflections which it threw on the rocks, the last flickerings of our dying fire, and in telling myself that it was delightful to break occasionally from the monotonous life of the towns, to cast oneself thus into the heart of the savage world, and at least for an evening to re-live the existence which our ancestors must have lived in the forest.

EMILE JAVELLE
Alpine Memories

(*By kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin*)

DELIGHTS OF CLIMBING

AH, the unspeakable pleasure of these beautiful moments! Can the bird well have such delight in flying as the man in climbing these audacious campaniles? When the memory of such escalade comes back to me, I cannot refrain from thinking the hours I spent in them the most beautiful of my life. Possibly I should be ashamed of the confession, but nothing in this world has given me such lively and complete delight as these climbs over beautiful granite at a height of ten thousand feet in the air. Never have I felt myself more completely happy than when, with two or three brave and stable companions, I straddled across some very terrible *arête* between two precipices. . . . Do you think

that, confronted by these vast horizons, in this air so limpid, this light so unconstrained, in the midst of so many pure and mighty forms, men could ever have become evil?

EMILE JAVELLE
Alpine Memories
(*By kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin*)

A GLACIER

TO see its carapace of stones, grey, and here and there luminous, and the long lines of the moraines which form its sinuous spine, produces the effect of a monstrous reptile. It would require no stretch of the imagination to believe that at times it crawls about and puts its colossal vertebræ in motion. . . . It is alive; every minute a hollow crack, a falling boulder, a crumbling hillock, bears witness to its constant travail. The imagination is not utterly fantastic in comparing it from a distance to a monstrous reptile. Under the folds of this vestment you feel the palpitation of a secret power. This glacier is an entity; it crawls like a reptile—it lives, in fact. Or rather, it is the earth which lives in it; it is she who is an entity in the same sense as a mollusc or a medusa; it is she who lives, if to live means only to move by inherent force—lives, it must be granted a life under strict subjection to matter, but a life none the less sublime and strong.

EMILE JAVELLE
Alpine Memories
(*By kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin*)

LOVE OF MOUNTAINS

IT is said that the redskin, buried in the solitudes of America, dreams that in the other life he will be allowed to hunt for ever in the most game-abounding of savannahs. For me, my friend (prepare yourself for a smile), I cannot weave the dream of a better life without investing it, amongst other cherished images, with the deep and reposeful peace of the high mountain valleys, the proud serenity of white summits, the hope of endless rambles and ascents which will be everlastingly repeated.

EMILE JAVELLE
Alpine Memories
(*By kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin*)

LOVE OF MOUNTAINS

HERE he sings a real hymn of praise to the Cervin. In pages at once comprehensive, precise, and magnificent he describes its form, comparing it with a huge crystal of a hundred facets, flashing varied hues, that softly reflects the light, unshaded, from the uttermost depths of the heavens. Then, mastering himself, he asks whence comes the emotion that he feels: "D'où vient donc, d'où vient l'intérêt, le charme puissant avec lequel ceci se contemple?" And he answers this question with a profound analysis of man's sensations in the presence of the mountain: "Ce n'est pourtant ni

la pittoresque, ni le demeure possible de l'homme, ni même une merveille gigantesque pour l'œil qui a vu les astres ou pour l'esprit qui conçoit l'univers! La nouveauté, sans doute, pour des citadins surtout; l'aspect si rapproché de la mort, de la solitude, de l'éternal silence; notre existence si frêle, si passagère mais vivante et douée de pensée, de volonté et d'affection, mise en quelque sorte en contact avec la brute existence et la muette grandeur de ces êtres sans vie; voilà, ce semble, les vagues pensées qui attachent et qui secouent l'ame à la vue de cette scène. Poesie sourde mais puissante, et qui par cela même qu'elle dirige la pensée vers la grande mystère de la création, captive l'âme et l'élève." And he concludes with a profession of his faith: "Plus d'un homme qui oubliait Dieu dans la plaine, s'est ressouvenu de lui aux montagnes."

RUDOLPH TÖPFFER
Voyages en Zigzag

LAST VIEW

BEYOND, reviewing the immense horizon, were the innumerable ice-pinnacles and domes; and though they had mostly grown spectral in the grey light, two long slants among them yet glowed with the western sun, like some passage of long past experience suddenly gleaming from among the mass of forgotten things, in happy distinctness, at a chance flash of memory.

T. N. TALFOURD
Vacation Rambles

THE ALPS AT DAYBREAK

THE sunbeams streak the azure skies,
And line with light the mountain's brow:
With hounds and horns the hunters rise,
And chase the roebuck thro' the snow.

From rock to rock, with giant bound,
High on their iron poles they pass;
Mute, lest the air, convulsed by sound,
Rend from above a frozen mass.

The goats wind slow their wonted way,
Up craggy steeps and ridges rude,
Marked by the wild wolf for his prey,
From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,
And as the echoing cliffs reply,
The huts peep o'er the morning cloud,
Perched, like an eagle's nest, on high.

. . . . .

SAMUEL ROGERS

THE ALPS

WHO first beholds those everlasting clouds,
Seed-time and harvest, morning, noon, and night,
Still where they were, steadfast, immovable;
Those mighty hills, so shadowy, so sublime,

As rather to belong to heaven than earth—
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loses not,
A something that informs him 'tis an hour
Whence he may date henceforward and for ever ?
To me they seemed the barriers of a world
Saying, "Thus far, no farther," and as o'er
The level plain I travelled silently,
Nearing them more and more, day after day,
A strange delight was mine, mingled with fear,
A wonder as of things I had not heard of.
And still, and still I felt as if I gazed
For the first time— Great was the tumult there,
Deafening the din, when in barbaric pomp
The Carthaginian on his march to Rome
Entered their fastnesses. Trampling the snows,
The war-horse reared ; and the towered elephant
Upturned his trunk into the murky sky,
Then tumbled headlong, swallowed up and lost,
He and his rider.

SAMUEL ROGERS

A STORMY SUNSET

SWOL'N with incessant rain from hour to hour,
All day the floods a deepening murmur pour;
The sky is veiled, and every cheerful sight :
Dark is the region as with coming night ;
But what a sudden burst of overpowering light,
Triumphant on the bosom of the storm,
Glances the wheeling eagle's glorious form !

Eastward in long perspective glittering shine
The wood-crown'd cliffs that o'er the lake recline;
Those lofty cliffs a thousand streams unfold
At once to pillars turned that flame with gold;
Behind his sail the peasant shrinks, to shun
The west, that burns like one dilated sun,
A crucible of mighty compass, felt
By mountains, glowing till they seem to melt.

W. WORDSWORTH
Descriptive Sketches

SPRING—CHANGING PASTURES

WHEN from the sunny breast of open seas
And bays with myrtle fringed, the southern breeze
Comes on to gladden April with the sight
Of green isles widening on each snow-clad height;
When shouts and lowing herds the valley fill,
And louder torrents stem the noon-tide hill,
The pastoral Swiss begin the cliffs to scale,
Leaving to silence the deserted vale;
And, like the Patriarchs in their simple age,
Move as the verdure leads from stage to stage:
High and more high in summer's heat they go
And hear the rattling thunder far below;
Or steal beneath the mountains, half deterred,
Where huge rocks tremble to the bellowing herd.

W. WORDSWORTH
Descriptive Sketches

MOUNTAINS

GLORY to God! and to the Power who came
In filial duty, clothed with love divine;
That made His human tabernacle shine
Like ocean burning with purpureal flame;
Or like the Alpine mount, that takes its name
From roseate hues, far kenned, at morn and even,
In times of peace, or when the storm is driven
Along the nether regions' rugged frame!
Earth prompts—Heaven urges; let us seek the light,
Studious of that pure intercourse begun
When first our infant brows their lustre won;
So like the mountain may we grow more bright,
From unimpeded commerce with the sun,
At the approach of all-involving night.

W. WORDSWORTH

MOUNTAINS

THE mountains of this glorious land
Are conscious beings to mine eye,
When at the break of day they stand
Like giants, looking through the sky
To hail the sun's unrisen car
That gilds their diadems of snow
While one by one, as star by star,
Their peaks in ether glow.

Their silent presence fills my soul,
  When to the horizontal ray
The many-tinctured vapours roll
  In evanescent wreaths away,
And leave them naked on the scene
  The emblems of eternity,
The same as they have ever been
  And shall for ever be.

J. MONTGOMERY

GUIDES

THEY are a hardy, robust, energetic, sagacious set of men, most of them cheerful and humoured, devoted to their profession, and enthusiastic in it. Some of them know every nook and cranny of the mountains, every aspect of the weather, every prophecy of storms, the paths of the avalanche, the most invisible signs of the seasons, the voices of the winds, what it means when the south wind makes the glaciers sing, what stories the rivers tell of the goings on in the high Alpine solitudes. They are the seamen of the Alps, the old salts of the mountains.

G. B. CHEEVER, 1845

MOONLIGHT ON THE SNOW

THE first appearance of the light of the rising moon upon a high mountain, while you are in obscurity below, produces an effect

of enchantment. It is like a blush or sudden glow coming out of the mountain, like the emotion of some radiant spirit dwelling within, expressed externally, or like the faint beginning of the firelight behind a transparency. On the opposite side of the valley all is yet in deep shade. But at the mountain summit, behind which the hidden moon is sailing up the sky, there is a wild, deepening light, and a fleecy cloud steeped in it, looking as if the moon were to break out into the blue depths, just there, at the point where the cliff cuts the stars and the azure. Still, it is long before you see her full round orb, and you travel on in expectancy. Her light upon the virgin snow is wildly brilliant and beautiful.

G. B. CHEEVER, 1845

THE DAISY

I CLIMBED the roofs at break of day;
Sun-smitten Alps before me lay.
I stood among the silent statues,
And statued pinnacles, mute as they.

How faintly flushed, how phantom-fair,
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there,
A thousand shadowy-pencilled valleys
And snowy dells in a golden air.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
From "The Daisy"

IN THE VALLEY

ALL along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walked with one I loved two-and-thirty years ago.
All along the valley, while I walked to-day,
The two-and-thirty years were a mist that rolled away;
For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

MOUNTAINS IMPOSSIBLE TO PAINT

OF all the various impossibilities which torment and humiliate the painter, none are more vexatious than that of drawing a mountain form. It is indeed impossible enough to draw by resolute care the foam on a wave, or the outline of the foliage of a large tree; but in these cases, when care is at fault, carelessness will help, and the dash of the brush will, in some measure, give wildness to the churning of the foam and infinitude to the shaking of the leaves. But chance will not help us with the mountain. Its fine and faintly organized edge seems to be definitely traced against

the sky; yet let us set ourselves honestly to follow it, and we find, on the instant, it has disappeared.

JOHN RUSKIN
Modern Painters

UTILITY OF MOUNTAINS

THOSE desolate and threatening ranges of dark mountain, which, in nearly all ages of the world, men have looked upon with aversion or terror and shrunk back from as if they were haunted by perpetual images of death, are in reality sources of life and happiness far fuller and more beneficent than all the bright fruitfulnesses of the plain. The valleys only feed; the mountains feed and guard and strengthen us. We take our ideas of fearfulness and sublimity alternately from the mountains and the sea; but we associate them unjustly. The sea-wave, with all its beneficence, is yet devouring and terrible; but the silent wave of the blue mountain is lifted towards heaven in a stillness of perpetual mercy; and the one surge, unfathomable in its darkness, the other, unshaken in its faithfulness, for ever bear the seal of their appointed symbolism:

"Thy righteousness is like the great mountains:
Thy judgments are a great deep."

JOHN RUSKIN
Modern Painters

CLOUDS ON THE MOUNTAINS

IN an Italian twilight, when, sixty or eighty miles away, the ridge of the Alps rises in its dark and serrated blue against the crystalline vermilion, there is still unsearchableness, but an unsearchableness without cloud or concealment—an infinite unknown, but no sense of any veil or interference between us and it: we are separated from it not by any anger of storm, not by any vain and fading vapour, but only by the deep infinity of the thing itself. I find that the great religious painters rejoiced in that kind of unknowableness, and in that only; and I feel that even if they had had the power to do so, still they would not have put rosy mists and blue shadows behind their sacred figures, but only the far-away sky and cloudless mountains. Probably the right conclusion is that the clear and cloudy mysteries are alike noble; but that the beauty of the wreaths of frost mist, folded over banks of greensward deep in dew, and of the purple clouds of evening, and the wreaths of fitful vapour gliding through groves of pine and iridised around the pillars of waterfalls is more or less typical of the kind of joy which we should take in the imperfect knowledge granted to the earthly life, while the serene and cloudless mysteries set forth that belonging to the redeemed life. But of one thing I am well assured, that so far as the clouds are regarded, not as concealing the

truth of other things, but as themselves true and separate creations, they are not usually beheld by us with enough honour; we have too great veneration for cloudlessness.

JOHN RUSKIN
Modern Painters

THE MOUNTAIN GLOOM

I DO not know of any district possessing a more pure or uninterrupted fullness of mountain character, or which appears to have been less disturbed by foreign agencies, than that which borders the course of the Trient between Valorsine and Martigny. The paths which lead to it out of the valley of the Rhone, arising at first in steep circles among the walnut trees, like winding stairs among the pillars of a Gothic tower, retire over the shoulders of the hills into a valley almost unknown, but thickly inhabited by an industrious and patient population. Along the ridges of the rocks, smoothed by old glaciers into long, dark, billowy swellings, like the backs of plunging dolphins, the peasant watches the slow colouring of the tufts of moss and roots of herb which, little by little, gather a feeble soil over the iron substance; then, supporting the narrow strip of clinging ground with a few stones, he subdues it to the spade, and in a year or two a little crest of corn is seen waving upon the rocky casque. The irregular meadows run in and out like inlets of lake among these

harvested rocks, sweet with perpetual streamlets that seem always to have chosen the steepest places to come down, for the sake of the leaps, scattering their handfuls of crystal this way and that, as the wind takes them, with all the grace, but with none of the formalism, of fountains; . . . Green field and glowing rock and glancing streamlet all slope together in the sunshine towards the brows of ravines, where the pines take up their own dominion of saddened shade; and with everlasting roar in the twilight the stronger torrents thunder down pale from the glaciers, filling all their chasms with enchanted cold, beating themselves to pieces against the great rocks that they have themselves cast down, and forcing fierce way beneath their ghastly poise.

The mountain paths stoop to these glens in forky zigzags, leading to some grey and narrow arch, all fringed under its shuddering curve with the ferns that fear the light; a cross of rough-hewn pine, iron-bound to its parapet, standing dark against the lurid fury of its foam. Far up the glen, as we pause beside the cross, the sky is seen through the openings in the pines, thin with excess of light; and in its clear consuming flame of white space the summits of the rocky mountains are gathered into solemn crowns and circlets, all flushed in that strange, faint silence of possession by the sunshine which has in it so deep a melancholy; full of power, yet as pale as shadows; lifeless like the walls of a sepulchre, yet beautiful in tender fall of crimson folds, like the veil of

some sea-spirit that lives and dies as the foam flashes; fixed on a perpetual throne, stern against all strength, lifted above all sorrow, and yet effaced and melted utterly into the air by that last sunbeam that has crossed to them from between the two golden clouds.

JOHN RUSKIN
Modern Painters

THE MOUNTAIN GLORY

IF in their remembrance of these things and in their endeavour to follow in the footsteps of their Master, religious men of bygone days, closing themselves in the hill solitudes, forgot sometimes and sometimes feared the duties they owed to the active world, we may perhaps pardon them more easily than we ought to pardon ourselves, if we neither seek any influence for good nor submit to it unsought, in scenes to which thus all the men whose writings we receive as inspired, together with their Lord, retired whenever they had any task or trial laid upon them needing more than their usual strength of spirit. Nor, perhaps, should we have unprofitably entered into the mind of the earlier ages if among our other thoughts, as we watch the chain of the snowy mountains rise on the horizon, we should sometimes admit the memory of the hour in which their Creator, among their solitudes, entered on His travail for the salvation of our race; and indulge the dream, that as the flaming

and trembling mountains of the earth seem to be the monuments of His terror on Sinai—these pure and white hills, near to heaven and sources of all good to the earth, are the appointed memorials of that Light of His mercy that fell, snow-like, on the mount of Transfiguration.

JOHN RUSKIN
Modern Painters

Mountains are the beginning and end of all natural scenery.

. . . . . .

The best image that the world can give of Paradise is in the slope of the meadows, orchards, and cornfields on the sides of a great alp, with its purple rocks and eternal snows above.

. . . . . .

Among mountains, large, unbroken spaces of pure violet and purple are introduced in their distances; and even near by films of cloud passing over the darkness of ravines or forests, blues are produced of the most subtle tenderness; these azures and purples passing into rose-colour of otherwise wholly unattainable delicacy among the upper summits, the blue of the sky being at the same time purer and deeper than in the plains. Nay, in some sense a person who has never seen the rose-colour of the rays of dawn crossing a blue mountain twelve or fifteen miles away can hardly be said to know what tenderness in colour means at all; bright tenderness he may indeed see

in the sky or in a flower, but this grave tenderness of the far away hill-purple he cannot conceive.

. . . . . .

JOHN RUSKIN

NATURA MALIGNA

THE Lady of the Hills, with crimes untold,
Followed my feet with azure eyes of prey ;
By glacier-brink she stood—by cataract-spray—
When mists were dire, or avalanche-echoes rolled.
At last she glimmered in the death-wind cold,
And if a foot-print shone at break of day,
My flesh would quail, but straight my soul would say :
"'Tis hers whose hand God's mightier hand doth hold."
I trod her snow-bridge, for the moon was bright,
Her icicle-arch across the sheer crevasse,
When lo, she stood ! . . . God made her let me pass,
Then felled the bridge ! . . . Oh, there in sallow light,
Then down the chasm, I saw her, cruel, white,
And all my wondrous days as in a glass.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

NATURA BENIGNA

WHAT power is this ? What witchery wins my feet,
To peaks so sheer they scorn the cloaking snow,
All silent as the emerald gulp below,
Down whose ice-walls the wings of twilight beat ?

What thrill of earth and heaven—most wild, most sweet—
What answering pulse that all the senses know,
Comes leaping from the ruddy eastern glow
Where, far away, the skies and mountains meet?
Mother, 'tis I reborn; I know thee well;
That throb I know and all its prophecies;
O mother and queen, beneath the olden spell
Of silence, gazing from thy hills and skies!
Dumb mother, struggling with the years to tell
The secret at thy heart through helpless eyes.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

CALL OF THE MOUNTAINS

ONE day, in the train, travelling northward from Italy, he had looked from the window and seen the slopes of Monte Rosa white in the sun—white with the look of white velvet; and all the last twenty years had fallen from him like a cloak, and he had been drawn back as with chains to the high playground of his youth.

A. E. W. MASON

SUNRISE

ALL the while the light broadened, the great violet shadows crept down the slopes and huddled at the bases of the peaks. Then the peaks took fire, and suddenly along the dull white slopes of ice in front of them the fingers of the morning flashed in gold. Over the eastern rocks the sun had leaped into the sky. A. E. W. MASON

INDIFFERENCE OF THE MOUNTAINS

WHETHER bound in frost beneath the stars, or sparkling to the sun, or grey under a sky of clouds, or buried deep in flakes of whirling snow, they spoke always of the grandeur of their indifference. They might be traversed and scaled, but they were unconquered always because they were indifferent. The climber might lie in wait through the bad weather at the base of the peak, seize upon his chance, and stand upon the summit with a cry of triumph and derision. The mountains were indifferent. As they endured success, so they inflicted defeat—with a sublime indifference, lifting their foreheads to the stars as though wrapt in some high communion.

A. E. W. MASON

COWBELLS

CAN any sound be more soothing than the tinkle of cowbells in a mountain pass, as twilight falls softly like the wings of a brooding bird? It is to the ear what a cool draught of spring water is to thirsty lips. There are verses of poetry in it, only to be reset and rearranged, like pearls fallen from their string; there is a perfume of primroses in it; there is the colour of early dawn, or of fading sunset, when a young

moon is rising, curved and white as a baby's arm; there is also the same voice that speaks from the brook, or the river running over rocks.

C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON
The Princess Passes

EXCELSIOR

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner, with this strange device,
"Excelsior!"

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
"Excelsior!"

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
"Excelsior!"

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark towers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
"Excelsior!"

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
"Excelsior!"

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;
A voice replied, far up the height,
"Excelsior!"

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
"Excelsior!"

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
"Excelsior!"

There in the twilight cold and grey,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
"Excelsior!"

H. W. LONGFELLOW

A GLACIER

NO pictures give quite an adequate idea of what an Alpine glacier is really like. People who have never seen one are apt to picture them as level plains of ice. That is wrong; it is only the effect they give when looked at from a distance. Imagine, rather, that the sea, on the stormiest day you can remember, has, with all its irregular undulations, been suddenly transformed into a mass of solid frozen snow. Imagine these rolling billows of hard snow intersected here and there by broad cracks, dropping down into blue profundities that the idea cannot fathom. Fancy, further, a quantity of fresh, half-melted snow covering up and hiding these crevasses, ready to give way when you tread on it and precipitate you into cavernous abysses. Picture all these things, and you will have a fairly accurate idea of a Swiss glacier above the snow-line.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE
Two Glacier Accidents.

WINTER NIGHTS IN THE HIGH ALPS

I

NOTES of a mute, not melancholy world,
A world of snows and darkness and moon-sheen,
Of still crystalline air and stars serene,

And stationary pines in slumber furled ;
Notes of the sober night, when drift is whirled
By tireless winds over the solemn scene,
When the lake-pavement groans, and mists between
The shadowy mountain-tops are coldly curled ;
Notes of a meditative man who walks
Those white fields and that ice-floor all alone,
Yet draws warm life from winter's frozen wells ;
Notes of a soul that most divinely talks
Unto herself in silence, and hath known
The God that in the mystic moon-world dwells.

J. A. SYMONDS

WINTER NIGHTS IN THE HIGH ALPS

II

I SEND them to you, friends, whose feet are far,
Moving upon a loved and populous land
In sweet society and mutual band
Of fellowship, star linked to breathing star !
Fain would I sometimes be where pictures are,
And music, and the clasp of hand to hand ;
Where men I love with loveliest women stand,
And theatres their wonder-world unbar ;
Where London's eddying ocean on its surge
Tosses the thunder of souls armed for strife,
And streets, aflame all night, with forceful urge
Of multitudes in conflict quicken life ;
Where chaff from wheat of hearts' keen passions purge,
And each tense hour with throes of fate is rife.

J. A. SYMONDS

WINTER NIGHTS IN THE HIGH ALPS

III

WITH you I may not dwell. Yet man is great;
And the mind triumphs over place and time:
I therefore, doomed to weave my lonely rhyme
Here 'mid these pines, these moon-scenes desolate,
Have found therein a joy that mocks at fate;
And, stationed on a specular mount sublime,
Have scanned yon fields low-lying, whence I climb
To commune with the stars inviolate.
The sempiternal stars, the flawless snows,
The crystal gems fashioned by art of frost,
The thin, pure wind that whence it listeth blows,
The solitude whereon the soul is tossed
In contemplation of the world's huge woes;
These things suffice. Love's labour is not lost.

J. A. SYMONDS

WINTER NIGHTS IN THE HIGH ALPS

IV

FRIENDS have I found here too; this peasant folk,
Comradely, frank, athletic; men who draw
Their lineage from a race that never saw
Fear on the field, but with firm, sinewy stroke
Those knightly ranks, Burgundian, Austrian, broke,

And bade the Italian tyrant far withdraw ;
These vales, these hills, have known no lord but law,
Since freedom for this people first awoke.
Their joys austere, their frugal state be mine ;
Low houses builded of the rude, rough stone,
Raftered and panelled with smooth native pine ;
Here let me rest heart-whole, nor rest alone ;
High thoughts be my companions ; words divine
Of poets ; these are still the spirit's own.

J. A. SYMONDS

THE GLACIER

THE mountains have a peace which none disturb;
The stars and clouds a course which none restrain ;
The wild sea waves rejoice without a curb
And rest without a passion ; but the chain
Of Death, upon this ghostly cliff and chasm
Is broken evermore, to bind again,
Nor lulls nor looses. Hark ! a voice of pain
Suddenly silenced ; a quick-passing spasm
That startles rest, but grants not liberty—
A shudder or a struggle or a cry—
And then sepulchral stillness. Look on us,
God ! who hast given these hills their place of pride,
If Death's captivity be sleepless thus
For those who sink to it unsanctified.

J. RUSKIN

AMONG THE BASSES ALPES

IT is not among mountain scenery that the human intellect usually takes its finest temper or receives its highest development; but it is at least there that we find a consistent energy of mind and body, compelled by severer character of agencies to be resisted and hardships to be endured; and it is there that we must seek for the last remnants of patriarchal simplicity and patriotic affection — the few rock fragments of manly character that are yet free from the lichenous stain of over-civilisation. It must always, therefore, be with peculiar pain that we find, as in the district to which the following verses allude, the savageness and seclusion of mountain life without its force and faithfulness; and all the insolence and sensuality of the most debased cities of Europe, without the polish to disguise, the temptation to excuse, or the softness of natural scenery to harmonize with them.

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

Have you in heaven no hope—on earth no care—
No foe in hell—ye things of stye and stall,
That congregate like flies, and make the air
Rank with your fevered sloth—that hourly call
The sun, which should your servant be, to bear
Dread witness of you, with uncounted wane
And unregarded rays, from peak to peak
Of piny-gnomoned mountain waved in vain?
Behold, the very shadows that ye seek
For slumber, write along the wasted wall

Your condemnation. They forget not, they,
Their ordered function, and determined fall
Nor useless perish. But you count your day
By sins and write your difference from clay
In bonds you break and laws you disobey.
God ! who hast given the rocks their fortitude,
The sap unto the forests, and their food
And vigour to the busy tenantry
Of happy, soulless things that wait on Thee,
Hast Thou no blessing where Thou gav'st Thy blood?
Wilt Thou not make Thy fair creation whole ?
Behold and visit this Thy vine for good—
Breathe in this human dust its living soul.

J. RUSKIN

THE ALPS

(*Seen from Marengo*)

THE glory of a cloud—without its wane ;
The stillness of the earth—but not its gloom ;
The loveliness of life—without its pain ;
The peace—but not the hunger—of the tomb !
Ye Pyramids of God ! around whose bases
The sea foams noteless in his narrow cup ;
And the unseen movements of the earth send up
A murmur which your lulling snow effaces
Like the deer's footsteps. Thrones imperishable !
About whose adamantine steps the breath
Of dying generations vanisheth,
Less cognizable than clouds ; and dynasties,
Less glorious and more feeble than the array

Of your frail glaciers, unregarded rise,
Totter and vanish. In the uncounted day,
When earth shall tremble as the trump unwraps
Their sheets of slumber from the sleeping dead,
And the quick, thirsty fire of judgment laps
The loud sea from the hollow of his bed—
Shall not your God spare you, to whom He gave
No share nor shadow of man's crime, or fate;
Nothing to render, nor to expiate;
Untainted by his life—untrusted with his grave.

J. RUSKIN

TUNNEL IN THE ALPS

So we passed
The liberal open country and the close,
And shot through tunnels, like a lightning wedge
By great Thor-hammers driven through the rock,
Which, quivering through the intestine blackness, splits
And lets it in at once; the train swept in
Athrob with effort, trembling with resolve,
The fierce, denouncing whistle wailing on
And dying off, smothered in the shuddering dark,
While we, self-awed, drew troubled breath, oppressed
As other Titans underneath the pile
And nightmare of the mountains. Out, at last,
To catch the dawn afloat upon the land!

E. B. BROWNING
From "Aurora Leigh"

PETRARCH

PETRARCH once climbed a high mountain with a little volume of Augustine's Confessions in his pocket. At the summit, after feasting himself with the landscape, he opened the book to read, when the first passage that caught his eye was the following: "Men travel far to climb high mountains, to observe the majesty of the ocean, to trace the source of rivers, but they neglect themselves." Petrarch closed the book and meditated upon the lesson. "If I have undergone," said he, "so much labour in climbing this mountain that my body might be nearer to heaven, what ought I not to do, what labour is too great to undergo, that my soul may be received there for ever?"

G. B. CHEEVER

SWISS VILLAGES

IF the Swiss villages looked beautiful to me in winter, their summer aspect is most charming, most fascinating, most delicious. Shut in by high mountains capped with perpetual snow; and dotting a rich carpet of the softest turf, overshadowed by great trees, they seem so many little havens of refuge from the troubles and miseries of great towns.

CHARLES DICKENS
Letters

THE ALPS

BUT let me quit man's works, again to read
His Maker's, spread around me, and suspend
This page, which from my reveries I feed,
Until it seems prolonging without end.
The clouds above me to the white Alps tend
And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er
May be permitted, as my steps I bend
To their most great and growing region, where
The earth to her embrace compels the powers of air.

BYRON
Childe Harold, iii. 109

MORNING AT SEA BENEATH THE ALPS

(*Suggested by Geo. Meredith—"Beauchamp's Career," Chap. IX.*)

I

BEHOLD, far in the east a glimmering light
Arising from the ocean's unseen bed,
Exhaling life to raise the erstwhile dead,
And waking Nature to caress the sight!

II

Far, far above, bathed in the morning light,
The beetling spurs stood tinged in red and grey,
And, keeping careful guard across the bay,
They waited for the sun to kiss their height.

III

At last the morning sun shot forth a beam,
And marked the summits with a crimson flame ;
As if the mighty host of mountains came
Forth from their just abode as in a dream.

IV

The shadows, like a splash of purple dye
Lay dark upon the snow-field's silver face ;
Here was a palace for th' immortal race,
Its gables snow-peaks, and its roof the sky.

V

The giant form of these majestic heights,
Like to a hand outstretcht to guard or save,
Kept watch to right and left o'er every wave,
And marked the passage of the days and nights.

VI

Crescents and hollows, rosy mounds and shelves
Mirrored the radiance of the morning light.
Still o'er the Adriatic hung the night,
While now the Alps had heaven to themselves.

VII

From Friuli as far as fair Tyrol,
The towering peaks with sparkling colours dight,
Added a lustre to the wondrous sight,
Which struck the heart or touched the ardent soul.

VIII

The nearer peaks the glowing sun arrayed
In colours rich and bright, but those behind
Were tinged with softer hues and scarce defined,
Mere trembling shapes of dappled light and shade.

IX

As in a forest, on a summer's day
The sunshine filters through the leafy trees ;
And when the boughs are rustled by the breeze,
The shadows come and go like elves at play.

X

Or like an army ready for the fray
The mountains stood ; the front a blaze of red,
Which fainter grew as past the lines it sped
And tinged with rose the rear of the array.

XI

But even far away a touch divine
Enwrapped the mountains in a ruddy glow,
And shaped forth solid forms of ice and snow,
To meet the foe and swell the warrior line.

XII

And then like white wings on a summer sky
Of birds scarce seen amid the morning haze,
Fresh peaks with spectral outlines met the gaze,
And snowclad curves soared through Infinity.

XIII

Far, far beneath the shining realms of day
The silent waters glided smoothly by
Wreathed in darkness, while the dawn so nigh
Smiled o'er the Alps and kissed their sleep away.

S. F. BYWATERS

OLD MOUNTAINEERS

MONKS OF ST. BERNARD

LEUR intrépidité égale leur vigilance ; aucun malheureux ne les appelle en vain ; ils le retirent étouffé sous les débris des avalanches ; ils le raniment agonisant de froid et de terreur ; ils le transportent sur les bras, tandis que leurs pieds glissent sur la glace, ou plongent dans les neiges : la nuit, le jour, voilà leur ministère. Leur pieuse sollicitude veille sur l'humanité, dans ces lieux maudit de la nature, où ils présentent le spectacle habituel d'un héroïsme que ne sera jamais célébré par nos flatteurs.

MALLET DU PAU, 1755

PARDON me for not writing. I have been on the Mount of Jove ; on the one hand looking up to the heavens of the mountains, on the other shuddering at the hell of the valleys, feeling myself so much nearer heaven that I was more sure that my prayer would be heard. "Lord," I said, "restore me to my brethren, that I may tell them, that they come not into this place of torment." Place of torment indeed, where the marble pavement of the stony ground is ice indeed, and you cannot set your foot safely ; where, strange to say, although it is so slippery that you cannot stand, the death (into which

there is every facility for a fall) is certain death. I put my hand in my scrip, that I might scratch out a syllable or two to your sincerity—lo, I found my ink-bottle filled with a dry mass of ice ; my fingers too refused to write ; my beard was stiff with frost, and my breath congealed into a long icicle. I could not write the news I wished. A MONK OF CANTERBURY

THE DELIGHTS OF MOUNTAINS

I HAVE resolved for the future, as long as God suffers me to live, to climb mountains—or, at all events, to climb one mountain—every year, at the season when vegetation is at its best, partly for the sake of studying botany, and partly for the delight of the mind and the proper exercise of the body. For what, think you, is the pleasure, what the joy of a mind, affected as it should be, to marvel at the spectacle of the mighty masses of the mountains, and lift up one's head, as it were, among the clouds. The mind is strangely excited by the amazing altitude and carried away to the contemplation of the great Architect of the Universe. Cultivators of philosophy will proceed to contemplate the great spectacles of this earthly paradise ; and by no means the least of these are the steep and broken mountain-tops, the unscalable precipices, the vast slopes stretching towards the sky, the dark and shady forests.

CONRAD GESNER, 1543

MOUNT PILATUS

THE sense of sight is delighted by the marvellous and unaccustomed spectacle of mountains, ridges, rocks, woods, valleys, streams, springs, and meadows. So far as colour goes, almost everything is green and blooming. As regards the shape and outline of the things that you see, there are rare and wonderful varieties of rocks, cliffs, broken ground, and so forth—wonderful not only by reason of the form they take, but also on account of their height and size. If you like to strain your eyes and look out in front of you and around you, far and wide, you find crags and watch towers, in the midst of which you seem to yourself to be dwelling among the clouds. If, on the other hand, you prefer to concentrate your vision, you will look upon woods and verdant meadows, or you will walk upon them, or, in order to pursue your inquiries further, will peer into black valleys, overshadowed rocks, and dark caverns. But there is a pleasing variety of all phenomena, and more particularly of the phenomena which affect the senses. Nowhere else, indeed, do you come upon such a great variety of phenomena within a short space of time as on the mountains; to mention nothing else, you, on a single day, observe and pass through the four seasons of the year—spring, summer, autumn, and winter. Add to this that on the summits of the mountain ridges the whole

firmament of heaven will lie open to your gaze, and you will observe, without let or hindrance, the rising and setting of the stars. . . . There is nothing here to annoy the ears, nothing to importune them—no tumults or noises from the cities, no brawls of men at strife. Here, from the lofty mountain crests, in a deep and solemn stillness, you will seem to hear the very harmony of the spheres.

CONRAD GESNER, 1555

CHAMONY EN FASSIGNY

I HAVE been ascending and descending the most dangerous mountains of Savoy, and have passed along the edges of a thousand precipices. . . . Five mountains made of pure ice from head to foot; but of an ice that may be styled perpetual. Neither the fires of five or six thousand dogstars, nor the waters of the universal Deluge, have had the power to melt it, save in some places where one finds crystals and precious stones. But, to speak truly, it is dangerous to seek them there. . . . The inquisitive and avaricious are often overwhelmed in summer beneath the ruin wrought by the snows falling from their place, and their parents say for their consolation that art could not make them a tomb so stately or so brilliant as that which they have received from Nature. For the rest, there is nothing in the world so magnificent as these mountains. When the rays of the sun fall upon them, the different surfaces

which a quaint Nature has given to their ice flash back the light of the beautiful luminary in so many fashions that you seem to see a thousand suns of different colours.

RENÉ DE PAYS, 1669

THE MONTANVERT

OUR road lay slantways, and we had several places to cross where the avalanches of snow were fallen and had made terrible havoc; there was nothing to be seen but trees torn up by the roots, and large stones which seemed to be without any support; every step we set the ground gave way, the snow which was mixed with it made us slip, and had it not been for staffs and our hands, we must many times have gone down the precipice. We had an uninterrupted view quite to the bottom of the mountain, and the steepness of the descent, joined to the height where we were, made a view terrible enough to make most people's heads turn. We were on the top of a mountain which, as well as we could judge, was at least twice as high as Mount Salève; from thence we had a full view of the glaciers. . . . You must imagine your lake put in agitation by a strong wind and frozen all at once; perhaps even that would not produce the same appearance. These glaciers consist of three large valleys that form a kind of Y. . . . These valleys, though at the top of a high mountain, are surrounded with other mountains, the tops of which,

being naked and craggy rocks, shoot up immensely high, something resembling old Gothic buildings or ruins. Nothing grows upon them ; they are all the year round covered with snow.

WILLIAM WINDHAM, 1741

MONT BLANC

GO, as we have gone, to the Montanvert, and take your share of the pure air that is to be breathed there ; look thence at the unfamiliar beauties of nature ; contemplate, from that terrace, the greatness of natural objects and the littleness of man ; and then you will no longer be astonished that nature has enabled us to subdue our passions. It is, in fact, the mountains that many men have to thank for their reconciliation with their fellows, and with the human race ; and it is there that the rulers of the world, the heads of the nations, ought to hold their meetings. Raised thus above the arena of passions and petty interests, and placed more immediately under the influence of Divine inspiration, one would see them descend from these mountains, each like a new Moses, bringing with them codes of law based upon equity and justice.

MARC BOURRIT

MONT VÉLAN

IN previous years M. Murith had endeavoured to find a way to the lofty summit of Mont Vélan, but without success : chains of bristling and per-

pendicular rocks or the deep crevasses furrowing the vast slope of ice, had invariably stopped him; his baffled attempts showed him to which portion of the mountain to direct his efforts: he started on 30 August 1779, accompanied by two hardy hunters. . . . They walked vigorously to reach the mountain of Zousse, situated two leagues from the Bourg de Saint Pierre, between it and the Vélan; they drew near a châlet, where they proposed to pass the night; but the peaceable inhabitants had already locked their doors, and only opened them at the voice of M. Murith, whom they respected. Some dry hard grass, the litter of the cattle, served them instead of beds, and they dozed rather than slept until half-past two in the morning. Then they rise, breakfast, and start by the bright light of the moon up a grass slope, interrupted by large rocks, which were scattered over the steep face of the mountain. They reach the lower end of the Glacier du Proz, which serves as a slope to approach Mont Vélan, and stretches on an inclined plane for a distance of half a league. The sun was just then beginning to gild the summit of Mont Blanc. Illuminated alone in the long chain of barren mountains and slender aiguilles, which seem to buttress it, one might well have imagined it a volcano surrounded by the débris of mountains overthrown by its earthquakes. . . . A spectacle, no less amazing than magnificent, offered itself to their gaze (at the summit). The sky seemed to be a black cloth enveloping the earth, at a distance from it. The sun shining in it made its darkness all the more conspicuous. Down below, their outlook

extended over an enormous area bristling with rocky peaks and cut by dark valleys. Mont Blanc rose like a sloping pyramid, and its lofty head appeared to dominate all the Alps as one saw it towering above them. In the distance, looking across deep valleys, one could distinguish the end of the Lake of Geneva, with Vevey stretching along its shores, the verdure-clad mountains surrounding it, and the road that leads to the Moudon ; one could also distinguish the chain of the Jura and recognise the Lake of Neuchâtel lying at the foot of it. To the north one saw the Toricelles, the mountains that rise above Bex. . . . On that side, the eye could only distinguish an ocean of air and clouds ; while nearer at hand, a number of glaciers presented themselves in various guises—some of them dully white, others glittering with the rays of the sun which they reflected. An imposing stillness, a majestic silence produced an indescribable impression on the mind.

M. BOURRIT
Climbs of M. Murith

MONT BLANC

I OBSERVED before that the mountains, or points, which we saw from the mountain which we went up, are very high, and there are many of them. I particularly mentioned three of them, namely, one towards the south and two towards the west. That which is towards the south, and which we first discovered before us, is called L'Eguille du Dru ; this

point looks very like an obelisk, the top of which is lost in the clouds, making a very acute angle at the summit, and not much unlike a great Gothic tower built of white and brown stone, the parts of which are very rough. For we must observe that the pieces which fall off break in a perpendicular direction, having here and there little parts by themselves, which make the mountain look as if it was composed of an infinite number of little towers. The effect of this is very beautiful when the sun shines on them by reason of the agreeable mixture of *clair obscur* which is prodigiously varied. This mountain is too steep to have any ice upon it, or, indeed, much snow. The two other points on the west side are L'Eguille du Montmaret . . . and Mont Blanc, which is farthest to the west. 'Tis this point of Mont Blanc which is supposed to be the highest in all the *glacières*, and perhaps in all the Alps. PETER MENTEL

MONTE ROSA

IT is from the top of the Alps that I write to you. I have climbed higher than the level of all the highest mountains except Monte Rosa, the peaks of which are still a few hundred fathoms above me. A sloping piece of granite, protruding from the snow just far enough to let me spread my sheet of paper on it, serves me for a table to scrawl these notes ; a square block of blue ice serves me for a seat. To the north I have the lofty peaks of Monte

Rosa. To the north-west I see the entire chain of the Alps as far as Mont Blanc, which I behold towering majestically above them. Thence I behold the whole chain of the Graian, Cottian, and Maritime Alps as far as the Apennines in Liguria ; to the north-east all the innumerable mountains which split up Switzerland—the Saint Gothard, the Rhætian Alps, and finally the mountains of the Tyrol. Within that area I gaze upon the Cis-Alpine region, the whole of Piedmont, and the countless cities and towns, now whitened by the reflected rays of the sun, which strike them at a considerable slant, as it is now about four o'clock in the afternoon. Picture the spectacle, my friend. But you cannot, without seeing it. The crown of the mountains on which I find myself is flanked, to east and west, by astounding glaciers, some of them sloping gently, others dropping away steeply, others cut with fearful and profound crevasses. To the left, higher up than the spot on which I stand, there flows over the rocks a very clear stream of water, issuing from an enormous mass of ice, with a perpendicular face of more than twenty-six feet high, vertically crevassed, and of a deep blue colour. After having run, for a space of about thirty fathoms, over the rocks—which are traversed horizontally by a vein of red quartz—it leaps over a precipice and is lost upon the glacier beneath.

PIETRO GIORDANI, 1801

ADVICE TO GUIDES

PUT yourselves in the place of the strangers who come from the most distant lands to admire the marvels of nature under these wild and savage aspects, and justify the confidence which they repose in you. You have learnt the great part which these magnificent objects of our contemplation play in the organisation of the world, and in pointing out their various phenomena to their astonished eyes, you will rejoice to see people raise their thoughts to the omnipotence of the great Being who created them. . . . Can one imagine a more impressive temple, or one in which more greatness is displayed? Is it not there that man feels himself closest to his Creator? Raised, so to say, above the head of nature, he feels sensations which are perfectly new to him; his soul is purified, and all his thoughts are ennobled.

M. BOURRIT

NEAR THE GRAND PLATEAU, MONT BLANC

ABOUT nine I saw the shadow ascending like a thick smoke from the valley and advancing slowly towards me. At half-past nine it reached me and enveloped me. Nevertheless I could still see, high up above my head, the last rays of the setting sun, which hesitated to pass away from the topmost peak of Mont Blanc. I followed them with my

eyes as long as they remained there. At last they vanished, and the day came to its close. Facing Chamonix, as I was, I had on my left the immense surface of snow which rises to the Dôme du Joûter, and on my right, within reach of my hand, a precipice 800 feet deep. . . . Presently the moon rose, pale and encircled by clouds which hid it altogether at about eleven o'clock. At the same time a rascally mist came down from the Aiguille du Joûter, which had no sooner reached me than it began to spit snow in my face. Then I wrapped my head in my handkerchief and said : "Fire away ! You're not hurting me ! "

At every instant I heard the falling avalanches making a noise like thunder. The glacier split, and at every split I felt the mountain move. . . . At two o'clock the sky paled towards the east. With the first beams of day I felt my courage coming back to me. The sun rose battling with the clouds that covered the mountain-top ; my hope was that it would scatter them ; but at about four o'clock the clouds got denser, and I recognised that it would be impossible for me, just then, to go any farther.

JACQUES BALMAT, 1785
(*A. Dumas*)

SWISS FREEDOM

ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND

1807

TWO voices are there ; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains, each a mighty voice ;
In both from age to age Thou did'st rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven:
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :
Then cleave, oh, cleave to that which still is left ;
For, high-souled maid, what sorrow would it be
That mountain floods should thunder as before,
And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by thee !

W. WORDSWORTH

CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR

THITHER, in time of adverse shocks,
Of fainting hopes and adverse wills,
Did mighty Tell repair of old—
A hero cast in Nature's mould,
Deliverer of the steadfast rocks
And of the ancient hills.

He, too, of battle-martyrs chief !
Who, to recall his daunted peers,
For victory shaped an open space
By gathering with a wide embrace
Into his single breast, a sheaf
Of fatal Austrian spears.

W. WORDSWORTH

MORAT

JE vois la Liberté, répandant tous ses biens,
Descendre de Morat en habit de guerrière,
Les mains teintes du sang des fiers Autrichiens
Et de Charles le Téméraire.
Devant elle on portait ces piques et ces dards,
On traînait ces canons, ces échelles fatales,
Qu'elle-même brisa quand ses mains triomphales
De Morat en danger défendait les remparts.
Tout un peuple la suit, sa naïve allégresse
Fit à tout l'Appenin répéter ses clameurs ;
Leurs fronts sont couronnés de ces fleurs que la Grèce
Aux champs de Marathon prodiguait aux vainqueurs.

VOLTAIRE

THE Switzer's Land ! where grandeur is encamped
Impregnably in mountain-tents of snow ;
Realms that by human footprints ne'er were stamped
Where the eagle wheels and glacial ramparts glow.

Seek, Nature's worshipper, those landscapes ! Go
Where all her fiercest, fairest charms are joined.
Go to the land where Tell drew freedom's bow ;
And in the patriot's country thou shalt find
A semblance 'twixt the scene and his immortal mind.

CAMPBELL

SEMPACH

IT was the season of harvest, when the sun darted his beams with great ardour. After a short prostration in prayer the Swiss arose ; their numbers were four hundred men from Lucerne, nine hundred from the Waldstetten, and about a hundred from Glarus and other places. Uniting now their forces, they precipitated themselves with great impetuosity against the impregnable Austrian phalanx, but not a man yielded to the shock. The Swiss fell one after another ; numbers lay bleeding on the ground ; their whole force began to waver, when suddenly a voice like thunder exclaimed, " I will open a passage to freedom ; faithful and beloved confederates, protect only my wife and children." These words of Arnold Strathan of Winkelried, a knight of Unterwalden, were no sooner uttered than he seized with both arms as many of the enemies' spears as he was able, buried them in his body, and sank to the ground, while the confederates rushed forward through the breach over his corpse. Nothing could now withstand the torrent ; helmets, arms, and all were de-

molished by the blows of their clubs. Hundreds of mailed warriors and nobles went down, and Duke Leopold of Austria fell lifeless. Thousands perished in retreat, and the little band remained victorious and free to bless the devotion of Arnold of Winkelried, and to cherish the legacy of his patriotism and the fireside of his wife and children.

ZSCHOKKE
Quoted by G. B. Cheever

THE ALPS

. . . ABOVE me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below.

BYRON
Childe Harold, iii. 62.

BATTLE OF MORAT

BUT ere these matchless heights I dare to scan
There is a spot should not be passed in vain—
Morat! the proud, the patriot field! where man
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,

Nor blush for those who conquered on that plain ;
Here Burgundy bequeathed his tombless host,
A bony heap, through ages to remain
Themselves their monument ; the Stygian coast
Unsepulchred they roamed, and shrieked each
wandering ghost.

. . . . . .

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,
Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand ;
They were true Glory's stainless victories,
Won by the unambitious heart and hand
Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,
All unbought champions in no princely cause
Of vice-entailed corruption ; they no land
Doomed to bewail the blasphemy of laws
Making kings' rights divine by some Draconic clause.

BYRON

Childe Harold, iii. 63-64.

BATTLE OF AVENTICUM

BY a lone wall a lonelier column rears
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days ;
'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,
And looks as with the wild-bewildered gaze
Of one to stone converted by amaze,
Yet still with consciousness ; and there it stands,
Making a marvel that it not decays,
When the coeval pride of human hands,
Levelled Aventicum, hath strewed her subject lands.

. . . . . .

And there—oh, sweet and sacred be the name—
Julia—the daughter, the devoted—gave
Her youth to Heaven ; her heart, beneath a claim
Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's grave.
Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers would crave
The life she lived in ; but the judge was just,
And then she died on him she could not save.
Their tomb was simple and without a bust,
And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one dust.

. . . . . .

But these are deeds which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither, though the earth
Forgets her empires with a just decay,
The enslavers and the enslaved, their death and birth ;
The high, the mountain majesty of worth
Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,
And from its immortality look forth
In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,
Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

BYRON

Childe Harold, iii. 65, 66, 67.

BATTLE OF SEMPACH

'TWAS when among our linden trees
The bees had housed in swarms,
(And grey-haired peasants say that these
Betoken foreign arms).

Then looked we down to Willisow,
The land was all in flame ;
We knew the Archduke Leopold
With all his army came.

The Austrian nobles made their vow,
So hot their heart and bold,
"On Switzer carles we'll trample now,
And slay both young and old."

With clarion loud, and banner proud,
From Zurich on the lake,
In martial pomp and fair array,
Their onward march they make.

Now list, ye lowland nobles all,
Ye seek the mountain strand,
Nor wot ye what shall be your lot
In such a dangerous land.

"I rede ye, shrive you of your sins,
Before you farther go ;
A skirmish in Helvetian hills
May send your souls to woe."

"But now, where shall we find a priest,
Our shrift that he may hear ?"
"The Switzer priest has ta'en the field,
He deals a penance drear.

"Right heavily upon your head
He'll lay his hand of steel;
And with his trusty partizan
Your absolution deal."

'Twas on a Monday morning, then,
The corn was steep'd in dew,
And merry maids had sickles ta'en,
When the host to Sempach drew.

The stalwart men of fair Lucerne
Together have they joined;
The pith and core of manhood stern,
Was none cast looks behind.

It was the Lord of Harecastle,
And to the Duke he said,
"Yon little band of brethren true
Will meet us undismayed."

"O Harecastle, thou heart of hare!"
Fierce Oxenstern replied.
"Shalt see, then, how the game will fare,"
The taunted knight replied.

There was lacing, then, of helmets bright,
And closing ranks amain;
The peaks they hew'd from their boot-points
Might well-nigh load a wain.

And thus they to each other said,
"Yon handful down to hew
Will be no boastful tale to tell—
The peasants are so few."

The gallant Swiss confederates there,
They prayed to God aloud,
And He displayed His rainbow fair
Against a swarthy cloud.

Their heart and pulse throbbed more and more
With courage firm and high,
And down the good confederates bore
On the Austrian chivalry.

The Austrian Lion 'gan to growl,
And toss his mane and tail;
And ball, and shaft, and cross-bow bolt
Went whistling forth like hail.

Lance, pike, and halberd mingled there,
The game was nothing sweet;
The boughs of many a stately tree
Lay shivered at their feet.

The Austrian men-at-arms stood fast,
So close their spears they laid;
It chafed the gallant Winkelried,
Who to his comrades said—

"I have a virtuous wife at home,
A wife and infant son;
I leave them to my country's care—
This field shall soon be won.

"These nobles lay their spears right thick
And keep full firm array,
Yet shall my charge their order break,
And make my brethren way."

He rushed against the Austrian band
In desperate career,
And with his body, breast, and hand,
Bore down each hostile spear.

Four lances splintered on his crest,
Six shivered in his side;
Still on the serried files he pressed—
He broke their ranks, and died.

This patriot's self-devoted deed
First tamed the Lion's mood,
And the four forest cantons freed
From thraldom by his blood.

Right where his charge had made a lane
His valiant comrades burst,
With sword and axe and partizan,
And hack and stab and thrust.

The daunted Lion 'gan to whine,
And granted ground amain,
The mounted Bull, he bent his brows,
And gored his sides again.

Then lost was banner, spear, and shield
At Sempach in the flight,
The cloister vaults at Konigsfield
Hold many an Austrian knight.

It was the Archduke Leopold,
So lofty would he ride,
But he came against the Switzer churls,
And they slew him in his pride.

The Heifer said unto the Bull,
"And shall I not complain?
There came a foreign nobleman
To milk me on the plain.

"One thrust of thine outrageous horn
Has galled the knight so sore,
That to the churchyard he is borne,
To range our glens no more."

An Austrian noble left the stour
And fast the flight 'gan take;
And he arrived in luckless hour
At Sempach on the lake.

He and his squire a fisher called
(His name was Hans von Rot),
"For love, or meed, or charity,
Receive us in thy boat."

Their anxious call the fisher heard,
And, glad the meed to win,
His shallop to the shore he steered,
And took the fliers in.

And while against the tide and wind
Hans stoutly rowed his way,
The noble to his follower signed
He should the boatman slay.

The fisher's back was to them turned,
The squire his dagger drew;
Hans saw his shadow in the lake—
The boat he overthrew.

He 'whelmed the boat, and as they strove,
He stunned them with his oar,
"Now, drink ye deep, my gentle sirs,
You'll ne'er stab boatman more.

"Two gilded fishes in the lake
This morning have I caught;
Their silver scales may much avail,
Their carrion flesh is naught."

It was a messenger of woe
Has sought the Austrian land;
"Ah! gracious lady, evil news!
My lord lies on the strand.

"At Sempach, on the battle-field,
His bloody corpse lies there."
"Ah, gracious God!" the lady cried,
"What tidings of despair."

Now would you know the minstrel wight,
Who sings of strife so stern?
Albert the Souter is he hight,
A burgher of Lucerne.

A merry man was he, I wot,
The night he made the lay,
Returning from the bloody spot
Where God had judged the day.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FREEDOM

FREEDOM . . .
I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
From bleak Helvetia's icy cavern sent—
I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams!
Heroes, that for your peaceful country perished,
And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain snows
With bleeding wounds: forgive me, that I cherished
One thought that blessed your cruel foes!

To scatter rage and traitorous guilt,
Where Peace her jealous home had built;
A patriot-race to disinherit
Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear;
And with inexpiable spirit
To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer.

S. T. COLERIDGE
From "France," an Ode

ALTDORF

WHAT though the Italian pencil wrought not here,
Nor such fine skill as did the meed bestow
On Marathonian valour, yet the tear
Springs forth in presence of this gaudy show,
While narrower cares their limits overflow.
Thrice happy, burghers, peasants, warriors old,
Infants in arms, and ye, that as ye go
Homeward or schoolward, ape what ye behold!
Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy bold!

And when that calm spectatress from on high
Looks down—the bright and solitary moon,
Who never gazes but to beautify;
And snow-fed torrents, which ablaze of noon,
Roused into fury, murmur a soft tune
That fosters peace and gentleness recalls;
Then might the passing monk receive a boon
Of saintly pleasure from these pictured walls,
While, on the warlike groups, the mellowing lustre falls.

How blest the souls who when their trials come
Yield not to terror nor despondency,
But face like that sweet boy their mortal doom,
Whose head the ruddy apple tops, while he
Expectant stands beneath the linden tree :
He quakes not like the timid forest game,
But smiles—the hesitating shaft to free ;
Assured that Heaven its justice will proclaim
And to his father give unerring aim.

W. WORDSWORTH

ALOYS REDING

"*Dem andenken meines Freundes Aloys Reding*, MDCCCXVIII."

ALOYS REDING, it will be remembered, was Captain-General of the Swiss forces, which, with a courage and perseverance worthy of the cause, opposed the flagitious and too successful attempt of Bonaparte to subjugate their country.

Around a wild and woody hill
A gravelled pathway treading,
We reached a votive stone that bears
The name of Aloys Reding.

Well judged the friend who placed it there
For silence and protection,
And haply with a finer care
Of dutiful affection.

The sun regards it from the west;
And while in summer glory
He sets, his sinking yields a type
Of that pathetic story.

And oft he tempts the patriot Swiss
Amid the grove to linger;
Till all is dim, save this bright stone
Touched by his golden finger.

W. WORDSWORTH

NARRATIVE PASSAGES

THE LAMMERGEIER'S PREY

ON the hillside, where still their cottage stands
('Tis near the upper falls in Lanterbrounn)—
On the hillside, among the cataracts,
In happy ignorance the children played ;
Alike unconscious, through their cloudless day
Of what they had and had not ; everywhere
Gathering rock flowers ; or with their utmost might
Loosening the fragment from the precipice,
And as it tumbled listening for the plunge ;
Yet as by instinct at the accustomed hour
Returning ; the two eldest, step by step
Lifting along, and with the tenderest care,
Their infant brother. Once the hour was past,
And when she sought, she sought and could not find ;
And when she found—where was the little one ?
Alas, they answered not ; yet still she asked,
Still in her grief forgetting . . . a dreadful thought
Flashed through her brain, " Has not some bird of prey
Thirsting to dip his beak in innocent blood—
It must, it must be so." And so it was.
There was an eagle that had long acquired
Absolute sway, the lord of a domain
Savage, sublime ; nor from the hills alone
Gathering large tribute, but from every vale ;

Making the ewe, whene'er he deigned to stoop
Bleat for the lamb. Great was the recompense
Assured to him who laid the tyrant low ;
And near his nest in that eventful hour,
Calmly and patiently, a hunter stood.
A hunter, as it chanced, of old renown
And, as it chanced, their father.
In the south
A speck appeared, enlarging ; and ere long
As on his journey to the golden sun
Upward he came, the felon in his flight,
Ascending through the congregating clouds,
That, like a dark and troubled sea, obscured
The world beneath. " But what is in his grasp ?
Ha ! 'Tis a child, and may it not be ours ?
I dare not, cannot ; and yet why forbear
When if it lives, a cruel death awaits it ?
May He who winged the shaft when Tell stood forth
And shot the apple from the youngling's head
Grant me the strength, the courage." As he spoke
He aimed, he fired ; and at his feet they fell,
The eagle and the child, the child unhurt,
Though, such the grasp, not even in death relinquished.

SAMUEL ROGERS

MARGUERITE DE TOURS

NOW the grey granite, starting through the snow
Discovered many a variegated moss,
That to the pilgrim resting on his staff
Shadows out capes and islands ; and ere long

Numberless flowers, such as disdain to live
In lower regions, and delighted drink
The clouds before they fall, flowers of all hues,
With their diminutive leaves covered the ground.
There, turning by a venerable larch
Shivered in two, yet most majestical,
With his long level branches, we observed
A human figure, sitting on a stone,
Far down by the way-side—just where the rock
Is riven asunder, and the Evil One
Has bridged the gulf, a wondrous monument
Built in one night, from which the flood beneath
Raging along, all foam, is seen, not heard,
And seen as motionless. Nearer we drew,
And lo ! a woman young and delicate . . .
She was born
In Val D'Aosta ; and an Alpine stream
Leaping from crag to crag in its short course
To join the Dora, turned her father's mill.
There did she blossom till a Valaisan,
A townsman of Martigny, won her heart,
Much to the old man's grief. Long he refused,
Loth to be left ; disconsolate at the thought.
She was his only one, his link to life ;
And in despair—year after year gone by—
One summer morn they stole a march and fled.
The act was sudden ; and when far away
Her spirit had misgivings. Then full oft
She pictured to herself that aged face
Sickly and wan, in sorrow, not in wrath ;
And when at last she heard his hour was near,
Went forth unseen, and burdened as she was,

Crossed the High Alps on foot to ask forgiveness,
And hold him to her heart before he died.
Her task was done. She had fulfilled her wish
And now was on her way, rejoicing, weeping.
A frame like hers had suffered ; but her love
Was strong within her ; and right on she went
Fearing no ill. May all good angels guard her.
And should I once again, as once I may
Visit Martigny, I will not forget
Thy hospitable roof, Marguerite de Tours ;
Thy sign the silver swan. Heaven prosper thee.

SAMUEL ROGERS

GENEVA

THE day was cold and bright and frosty, with a nipping wind. Mont Blanc and the long range of snow-clad summits that flanked it rose dazzlingly bright against the blue sky. The most distant object seemed near ; the wavelets on the unfrozen water of the lake gave to the surface usually so blue a rough, grey aspect. The breeze which produced this appearance kept the ramparts clear of loiterers ; and even those who were abroad preferred the more sheltered streets or went hurriedly about their business.

S. J. WEYMAN

The Long Night

TO ARMS!

AUX armes ! aux armes !" he cried. "The enemy is at the gate. To arms ! To arms !" A man ran out of the gateway at the sound of his

shouting, levelled a musket and fired at him. The slugs flew wild, and Claude, lifted above himself, yelled defiance, knowing that the more shots were fired the more quickly would the alarm be spread.

That it was spreading, that it was being taken up, his position on the gateway enabled him to discern, distant as the Porte Neuve lay from the heart of the town. A flare of light at the rear of the Tertasse and a confused hubbub in that quarter seemed to show that though the Savoyards had seized the gate, they had not penetrated beyond it. Away on his extreme left, where the Porte de la Monnaye, hard by his old bastion, overlooked the Rhône, and the island, were lights again, and a sound of a commotion as though there too the enemy held the gate, but found further progress closed against them. On the Treille to his right, the most westerly of the three inner gates, and the nearest to the Town Hall, the enemy seemed to be preparing an attack, for, as he ceased to shout, muskets exploded in that direction ; and, as far as he could judge the shots were aimed outwards.

With such alarms at three inner points—to say nothing of the noise at the more distant Porte Neuve —it seemed impossible that any part of the city should remain in ignorance of the attack. In truth, as he stood peering down into the dark Corraterie and listening to the heavy tramp of unseen feet, now here, now there, and the orders that rose from unseen throats—even as he prepared to turn, summoned by a warning cry, the first note of the alarm-bell smote his ear.

One moment and the air hummed with the heavy challenge, and all of Geneva that still slept awoke and stood upright. Men ran half-naked from their houses. Boys in their teens snatched arms and sallied forth. White faces looked into the night from barred windows or lofty dormers; and across narrow wynds and under dark Gothic entries men dragged huge chains and hooked them, and hurried on to where the alarm seemed loudest and the risk most pressing. In an instant in pitch-dark alleys lights gleamed and steel jarred on stone; out of the darkness deep voices shouted questions or answered or gave orders, and from a thousand houses, alike in the wealthy Bourg der Four, with its three-storied piles, and the bridges, went up the wail of horror and despair. Men who had dreamed of this night for years, and feared it as they feared God's day, awoke to find their dream a fact, and never while they lived forgot that awakening. While women left alone in their homes bolted and barred and fell to prayers; or clasped to their breasts babes who prattled, not understanding the turmoil or why their mothers looked strangely on them.

S. J. WEYMAN
The Long Night

SCHWYTZ

BY antique fancy trimmed—though lowly, bred
To dignity—in thee, O Schwytz! are seen
The genuine features of the golden mean;
Equality by prudence governed,
Or jealous nature ruling in her stead;

And therefore art thou blest with peace, serene
As that of the sweet fields and meadows green
In unambitious compass round thee spread.
Majestic Berne, high on her guardian steep
Holding a central station of command
Might well be styled this noble body's head ;
Thou, lodged 'mid mountainous entrenchments deep,
Its heart ; and ever may the heroic land
Thy name, O Schwytz, in happy freedom keep.

W. WORDSWORTH

THE RANZ DES VACHES

BY THE ST. GOTHARD PASS

I LISTEN—but no faculty of mine
Avails these modulations to detect
Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect
With tenderest passion ; leaving him to pine
(So fame reports) and die—his sweet-breathed kine
Remembering, and green Alpine pastures decked
With vernal flowers. Yet may we not reject
The tale as fabulous. Here while I recline
Mindful how others by this simple strain
Are moved, for me—upon this mountain named
Of God Himself from dread pre-eminence—
Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed
Yield to the music's touching influence ;
And joys of distant home my heart enchain.

W. WORDSWORTH

"THE LAST NIGHT"

SO this is the last night, monsieur. It is always sad, the last night."

"It is not exactly as we planned it," replied Chayne, and his eyes moved from the throng before him, in the direction of the churchyard, where, a few days before, his friend had been laid among the other Englishmen who had fallen in the Alps. "I do not think that I shall ever come back to Chamonix," he said in a quiet and heart-broken voice.

Michel gravely nodded his head.

"There are no friendships," he said, "like those made amongst the snows. But this, monsieur, I say: Your friend is not greatly to be pitied. He was young, had known no suffering, no ill-health, and he died at once. He did not even kick the snow for a little while."

"No doubt that's true," said Chayne, submitting to the commonplace, rather than drawing from it any comfort.

. . . Michel leaned forward upon the table and answered not merely with sympathy, but with the air of one speaking out of full knowledge, and speaking, moreover, in a voice of warning.

"True, monsieur. The happiest memories can be very bitter—if one has no one to share them. All is in that, monsieur. If," and he repeated the phrase—"If one has no one to share them."

. . . "The Col Dolent? You will have to start early from the Châlet de Lognan, monsieur. . . .

The ice slope up to the Col will also take a long time. So start very early."

As Michel spoke, as he anticipated the difficulties and set his thoughts to overcome them, his eyes lit up, his whole face grew younger.

Chayne smiled.

"I wish you were coming with me, Michel," he said; and at once the animation died out of Michel's face. He became once more a sad, dispirited man.

"Alas, monsieur," he said. "I have crossed my last col. I have ascended my last mountain."

"You, Michel?" cried Chayne.

"Yes, monsieur, I," replied Michel quietly. "I have grown old. My eyes hurt me on the mountains, and my feet burn. I am no longer fit for anything except to lead mules up to the Montanvers and conduct parties on the *mer de glace*." . . .

"Yes, it is a little sad," continued Revaillond. "But I think that towards the end, life is always a little sad, if one has no well-loved companion to share one's memories." . . .

"You never married?" Chayne said.

"No. There was a time, long ago, when I would have liked to," the guide answered simply. "But I think now it was as well that I did not get my way. She was very extravagant. She would have needed much money; and guides are poor people, monsieur —not like your professional cricketers," he said with a laugh. And then he turned towards the massive wall of mountains. Here and there a thin rock spire, the Dru or the Charmoz, pointed a finger to the stars, here and there an ice-field glimmered like

a white mist held in a fold of the hills. But to Michel Revaillond, the whole vast range was spread out as on a raised map, buttress and peak and dome of snow from the Aiguille d'Argentière in the east, to the summit of Mont Blanc in the west. In his thoughts he turned from mountain to mountain and found each one, majestic and beautiful, dear as a living friend, and hallowed with recollections. He remembered days when they had called, and not in vain, for courage and endurance, days of blinding snowstorms and bitter winds which had caught him half-way up some ice-glazed precipice of rock, or on some long, steep ice-slope crusted dangerously with thin snow into which the axe must cut deep hour after hour, however frozen the fingers or tired the limbs. He recalled the thrill of joy with which, after many vain attempts, he the first of men had stepped on to the small topmost pinnacle of this or that new peak. He recalled the days of travel, the long glacier walks on the high level from Chamonix to Zermatt, and from Zermatt again to the Oberland ; the still, clear mornings, and the pink flush upon some high white cone which told that somewhere the sun had risen ; and the unknown ridges where expected difficulties suddenly vanished at the climber's approach ; and others where an easy scramble suddenly turned into the most difficult of climbs.

Michel raised his glass in the air. "Here is good-bye to you — the long good-bye," he said, and his voice broke. And abruptly he turned to Chayne with his eyes full of tears, and began to

speak in a quick, passionate whisper, while the veins stood out upon his forehead and his face quivered.

"Monsieur, I told you your friend was not greatly to be pitied. I tell you now something more. The guide we brought down with him from the Glacier des Nantillons a fortnight back—all this fortnight I have been envying him—yes, yes, even though he kicked the snow with his feet for a little before he died. It is better to do so than to lead mules up to the Montanvers." . . .

"See, monsieur!"—and very wistfully he began to plead—"I go home to-night, I go out of Chamonix, I cross a field or two, I come to Les Praz-Conduits and my cottage. I push open the door. It is all dark within. I light my own lamp, and I sit there a little by myself. Take an old man's wisdom, monsieur. When it is all over and you go home, take care that there is a lighted lamp in the room, and the room not empty. Have some one to share your memories when life is nothing but memories."

A. E. W. MASON
Running Water

MACDONALD CROSSES THE SPLÜGEN

COUNTING their triumphs—flushed with fierce desire
Of war's wild game—his serried legions passed:
Soldier and steed and train of engines dire,
And banners flaunting in the freezing blast.
Then rushed the whirlwind—folding in its ire

The famished victim—then the lightnings cast
Their shafts around, and thundering towers swept
The stragglers to their sepulchre of snow,
Where steed and rider in their harness slept,
And demons shrieked, "Woe to the invader, woe!"

W. BEATTIE

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE

OUR army penetrated the dark mountain cavern of Urseren, and made themselves masters of a bridge which connects two mountains, and justly bears the name of the Devil's Bridge. Though the enemy had destroyed it, the progress of our victorious soldiers was not impeded. Planks were tied together with the officers' sashes, and along that bridge they threw themselves from the precipices into tremendous abysses, and falling in with the enemy, defeated them wherever they met. It now remained for our troops to climb a mountain, the summit of which is covered with eternal snow, and whose bleak, naked rocks surpass every other in steepness. They were obliged to descend through cataracts rolling down with dreadful impetuosity, and hurling with irresistible force huge fragments of rocks, masses of snow, ice, and clay, by which numbers of men and horses were impelled down the yawning caverns, where some found their graves, and others escaped with the greatest difficulty. It is beyond the powers of language to paint this awful spectacle in all its horrors.

Dispatches of GENERAL SUWARROW

A SONG OF SAVOY

AS the dim twilight shrouds
The mountain's purple crest,
And summer's white and folded clouds
Are glowing in the west,
Loud shouts come up the rocky dell,
And voices hail the evening-bell.

Faint is the goatherd's song,
And sighing comes the breeze :
The silent river sweeps along
Amid its bended trees,
And the full moon shines faintly there,
And music fills the evening air.

Beneath the waving firs
The tinkling cymbals sound ;
And as the wind the foliage stirs,
I see the dancers bound
Where the green branches, arched above,
Bend over this fair scene of love.

And he is there, that sought
My young heart long ago !
But he has left me—though I thought
He ne'er could leave me so.
Ah ! lovers' vows—how frail are they !
And his—were made but yesterday.

Why comes he not? I call
In tears upon him yet;
'Twere better ne'er to love at all,
Than love and then forget!
Why comes he not? Alas! I should
Reclaim him still, if weeping could.

But see—he leaves the glade,
And beckons me away:
He comes to seek his mountain maid!—
I cannot chide his stay.
Glad songs along the valley swell,
And voices hail the evening bell.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

SWISS SONG

LOOK on the white Alps round!
If yet they gird a land
Where freedom's voice and step are found,
Forget ye not the band,
The faithful band, our sires, who fell
Here, in the narrow battle dell.

If yet, the wilds among,
Our silent hearts may burn,
When the deep mountain-horn hath rung,
And home our steps may turn—
Home!—home!—if still that name be dear,
Praise to the men who perish'd here!

Look on the white Alps round,
Up to their shining snows,
That day the stormy rolling sound,
The sound of battle, rose!
Their caves prolong'd the trumpet's blast,
Their dark pines trembled as it pass'd.

They saw the princely crest,
They saw the knightly spear,
The banner, and the mail-clad breast,
Borne down and trampled here!
They saw—and glorying there they stand,
Eternal records to the land!

Praise to the mountain-born,
The brethren of the glen!
By them no steel array was worn,
They stood as peasant men!
They left the vineyard and the field
To break an empire's lance and shield!

Look on the white Alps round,
If yet, along their steeps,
Our children's fearless feet may bound,
Free as the chamois leaps;
Teach them in song to bless the band
Amid whose mossy graves we stand.

If, by the wood-fire's blaze,
When winter stars gleam cold,
The glorious tales of elder days
May proudly yet be told,
Forget not then the shepherd race,
Who made the hearth a holy place!

Look on the white Alps round !
If yet the Sabbath bell
Comes o'er them with a gladdening sound,
Think on the battle dell !
For blood first bathed its flowery sod,
That chainless hearts might worship God !

F. D. HEMANS

LUCERNE AND NEIGHBOURHOOD

THE LION OF LUCERNE

ALTHOUGH the situation is chosen with a noble daring—the open side of a bare rock, surmounting a still pool of dark water—and the circumstance of the sole figure being sculptured out of that rock arrests the attention of the spectator—yet situation, circumstance, material, all are nothing compared with the expression of the figure itself—the stricken and dying lion grasping with its paw as by instinct, more affecting as it has almost waned to mechanical, the lily of the Bourbons. There is surely no image in stone or marble of stricken power and beautiful resignation, of fidelity imparting sweetness to death, of true heroic suffering beyond relief but above despair, so eloquent as this. We should say that it is superior to the occasion which prompted it if such a work of genius were not truer than our theories. . . . In the presence of this eloquent testimonial to the dead, I cannot help attributing to them some sympathy with the ancient greatness of the monarchy in whose service they fell; investing their valour with a moral dignity and their fate with a human interest, which no written history could give them.

T. N. TALFOURD

Vacation Rambles

ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS

FOR gentlest uses, oft-times Nature takes
The work of fancy from her willing hands ;
And such a beautiful creation makes
As renders needless spells and magic wands,
And for the boldest tale belief commands.
When first mine eyes beheld that famous hill,
The sacred Engelberg, celestial bands,
With intermingling motions soft and still,
Hung round its top, on wings that changed their hues at will.

Clouds do not name these visitants ; they were
The very angels whose authentic lays,
Sung from that heavenly ground in middle air,
Made known the spot where piety should raise
A holy structure to the Almighty's praise.
Resplendent apparition ! if in vain
My ears did listen, 'twas enough to gaze,
And watch the slow departure of the train
Whose skirts the glowing mountain thirsted to retain !

W. WORDSWORTH

THE RIGI

SEVEN weary up-hill leagues we sped
The setting sun to see ;
Sullen and grim he went to bed,
Sullen and grim went we.

Nine sleepless hours of night we passed
The rising sun to see ;
Sullen and grim he rose again,
Sullen and grim rose we. ANON.

SUNRISE ON THE RIGI

A FEW long thin stripes of fleecy cloud lay motionless above the eastern horizon, like layers of silver lace, dipped first in crimson, then in gold, then in pink, then lined with an ermine of light, just as if the moon had been lengthened in soft furrows along the sky. . . . The object most conspicuous as the dawn broke, and indeed the most sublimely beautiful, was the vast, enormous range of the snowy mountains of the Oberland, without spot or vail of cloud or mist to dim them, peak after peak and mass after mass glittering with a cold, wintry whiteness in the grey dawn. Almost the exact half of the circumference of the horizon was filled with these peaks and masses of snow and ice, then lower down the mountains of bare rock, and lower still the earth with mounts of verdure. . . . It was as if an angel had flown round the horizon of mountain ranges and lighted up each of their white pyramidal points in succession, like a row of gigantic lamps, burning with rosy fires. Just as the sun suddenly tipped the highest points and lines of the snowy outline and then descended lower on the body of the mountains, it was as if an invisible omnipotent hand had taken them and

dipped the whole range in a glowing pink; the line between the cold snow untouched by the sunlight and the warm roseate hue above remaining perfectly distinct.

G. B. CHEEVER

THE DANCE OF DEATH AT LUCERNE

JUST so far as the old bridge at Lucerne, with the pure, deep, and blue water of the Reuss eddying down between its piers, and with the sweet darkness of green hills and far-away gleaming of lake and Alps alternating upon the eye on either side; and the gloomy Ossau frowning in the shadow, as if the deep tone of a passing bell overhead were mingling for ever with the plashing of the river as it glides by beneath; just so far, I say, as this differs from the straight and smooth strip of level dust, between two rows of round-topped acacia trees, wherein the inhabitants of an English watering-place or French fortified town take their delight —so far, I believe the life of the old Lucernois, with all its happy waves of light, and mountain strength of will, and solemn expectation of eternity, to have differed from the generality of the lives of those who saunter for their habitual hour up and down the modern promenade.

JOHN RUSKIN

Modern Painters

A COVERED BRIDGE AT LUCERNE

Prince Henry. God's blessing on the architects who build
The bridges o'er swift rivers and abysses
Before impassable to human feet,
No less than on the builders of cathedrals,
Whose massive walls are bridges thrown across
The dark and terrible abyss of Death.
Well has the name of Pontifex been given
Unto the Church's head, as the chief builder
And architect of the invisible bridge
That leads from earth to heaven.

Elsie. How dark it grows!
What are these paintings on the walls around us?

Prince Henry. The Dance Macaber!

Elsie What?

Prince Henry. The Dance of Death.
All that go to and fro must look upon it,
Mindful of what they shall be, while beneath,
Among the wooden piles, the turbulent river
Rushes impetuous as the river of life,
With dimpled eddies, ever green and bright,
Save where the shadow of this bridge falls on it.

Elsie. O, yes! I see it now.

Prince Henry. The grim musician
Leads all men through the mazes of that dance,
To different sounds in different measures moving;
Sometimes he plays a lute, sometimes a drum,
To tempt or terrify.

Elsie. What is this picture?

Prince Henry. It is a young man singing to a nun,
Who kneels at her devotions, but in kneeling
Turns round to look at him; and Death, meanwhile,
Is putting out the candles on the altar!

Elsie. Oh, what a pity 'tis that she should listen
Unto such songs, when in her orisons
She might have heard in heaven the angels singing.

Prince Henry. Here he has stolen a jester's cap and bells,
And dances with the Queen.

Elsie. A foolish jest!

Prince Henry. And here the heart of the new-wedded wife,
Coming from church with her beloved lord,
He startles with the rattle of his drum.

Elsie. Ah, that is sad! And yet perhaps 'tis best
That she should die, with all the sunshine on her,
And all the benedictions of the morning,
Before this affluence of golden light
Shall fade into a cold and clouded grey,
Then into darkness.

Prince Henry. Under it is written,
"Nothing but death shall separate thee and me."

Elsie. And what is this that follows close upon it?

Prince Henry. Death, playing on a dulcimer. Behind him,
A poor old woman, with a rosary,
Follows the sound, and seems to wish her feet

Were swifter to o'ertake him. Underneath,
The inscription reads, "Better is Death than Life."

Elsie. Better is Death than Life! Ah, yes! To thousands
Death plays upon a dulcimer, and sings
The song of consolation, till the air
Rings with it, and they cannot choose but follow
Whither he leads. And not the old alone,
But the young also hear it, and are still.

Prince Henry. Yes, in their sadder moments. 'Tis the sound
Of their own hearts they hear, half full of tears,
Which are like crystal cups, half filled with water,
Responding to the pressure of a finger
With music sweet and low and melancholy.
Let us go forward, and no longer stay
In this great picture-gallery of Death.
I hate it!—ay, the very thought of it!

Elsie. Why is it hateful to you?

Prince Henry. For the reason
That life, and all that speaks of life, is lovely,
And death, and all that speaks of death, is hateful.

Elsie. The grave itself is but a covered bridge,
Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness.

Prince Henry (*emerging from the bridge*). I breathe again more freely. Ah, how pleasant
To come once more into the light of day,

Out of that shadow of death! To hear again
The hoof-beats of our horses on firm ground,
And not upon those hollow planks, resounding
With a sepulchral echo, like the clods
On the coffins in a churchyard! Yonder lies
The lake of the Four Forest-Towns, apparelled
In light, and lingering, like a village maiden
Hid in the bosom of her native mountains,
Then pouring all her life into another's,
Changing her name and being! Overhead,
Shaking his cloudy tresses loose in air,
Rises Pilatus, with his windy pines.

H. W. LONGFELLOW
The Golden Legend

LUCERNE AND ITS ORGAN

A VERY picturesque city, Lucerne, with its ancient watch towers and fortifications, its fine old bridge, called the Kapellbrücke, its chestnut trees, its swelling Reuss, its dreamy lake, and its mountains that climb into the blue skies with white caps and softening veils of mist. . . . And the market! Years of miscellaneous travel would hardly lead you to a more picturesque scene. It is only a market for mere local requirements. Lucerne boasts of having no trade, no manufactory of any kind. All she has to do is to manage her hotels and make her visitors happy. I once thought it would be a good idea to settle down for a while at Lucerne and write. But as a literary workshop Lucerne was too much for

me. Pilatus, the Rigi, and the rest came down upon me whenever in their lordly presence I attempted to begin my trivial labours. I could never get free from Pilatus and his mighty companions. They hemmed me in. They frowned upon me. I seemed so small when I looked up at them, that I hardly knew my own name. My thoughts would go travelling up their misty paths, without ever reaching their snowy peaks. In Cumberland or the Derbyshire dales one's mind can step right over the leafy hills and picture the other side; but the Swiss mountains are endless. They march on range upon range; they stand forth clear and sharp in peaks of ice and snow, and the next minute they disappear like ghosts in a misty world.

. . . . . .

What makes Lucerne the beau-ideal holiday resort for the idler is the organ. You stroll round to the fine old church. The cool atmosphere is a pleasant change from the outer sunshine. The marble effigies and stone saints look very solemn, not to say lonely. A stray sunbeam piercing the coloured glass makes a red and gold splash upon the floor. A bat in the rafters shoots across the shadows above you; and just then the organ begins to contribute its celestial music to the scene. It has wonderful reedy effects, imitations of the human voice, and gives forth idealisations of angelic choirs. In its lower registers it carries the very thunders of the winds and storms of the great Architect Himself. . . .

You are away in the mountains. The shepherd is herding his flocks. You hear his merry pipe. The sheep-bells tinkle in the summer air. You can detect the bleating of the young lambs and the responses of the sympathetic ewes.

The church, with its effigies and its lancet windows, gradually fades away; you are in the mountain village. Presently you feel that dark clouds are spreading over the sunny landscape. A storm is coming on. The shepherd is calling to his flocks. You hear the cries of startled birds. You almost feel the suffocating effect of the silently gathering thunderstorm. Now there is a distant rumble. The storm is coming down from the hill-tops, creeping into the mountain gorges. Then there is a sudden crash that seems to shake you where you sit. If you do not see the lightning, you know that there has been a blinding flash. The storm has now full possession of the mountain village and the foothills. It fills the world, so far as the shepherd and his flocks are concerned. With the next roll of the thunder down comes the rain. The heavens are opened, the floodgates are let loose. Your corporal body may still be sitting in that old church pew, but your spiritual essence is out in the storm. You are with the shepherd: you hear the cries of his flock, you see the anxious faces in the village, you hear their prayers for his safety; and then the thunder peals move off into the far distance. The rain gradually ceases, the clouds disperse, the sun sets in a golden splendour, the

new moon rises, a silver bow in the still heavens; and you hear the voices of the choir up in the mountain chapel singing the evening hymn. Shut your eyes, and you are in the presence of one of the most perfect choirs it is possible to have heard. . . . You follow with every sense the heavenly sounds, follow them upwards beneath the silvery moon into the mountains; you see the lights blinking in the village windows, until at last the music ceases, and you are alone again in the quiet, cold church.

JOSEPH HATTON

THE THREE TELLS

THE patriot three that met of yore
Beneath the midnight sky,
And leagued their hearts on the Grütli shore
In the name of liberty.
Now silently they sleep
Amidst the hills they freed;
But their rest is only deep
Till their country's hour of need.

. . . . . .

They start not at the hunter's call,
Nor the Lämmergeier's cry;
Nor the rush of a sudden torrent's fall,
Nor the Lauwine thundering by.

And the Alpine herdsman's lay,
To the Switzer's heart so dear,
On the wild wind floats away,
No more for them to hear.

. . . . . .

But when the battle-horn is blown
Till the Shreckhorn's peaks reply,
When the Jungfrau's cliffs send back the tone
Through their eagles' lonely sky ;
When spear-heads light the lakes,
When trumpets loose the snows ;
When the rushing war-steed shakes
The glacier's mute repose.

. . . . . .

When Uri's beechen woods wave red
In the burning hamlet's light—
Then from the cavern of the dead
Shall the sleepers wake in might.
With a leap, like Tell's proud leap
When away the helm he flung,
And boldly up the steep
From the flashing billow sprung.

. . . . . .

They shall wake beside their forest-sea
In the ancient garb they wore
When they linked the hands that made us free
On the Grütli's moonlight shore.
And their voices shall be heard
And be answered with a shout,
Till the echoing Alps are stirred
And the signal fires blaze out.

. . . . . .

And the land shall see such deeds again
As those of that proud day
When Winkelried, on Sempach's plain,
Through the serried spears made way ;
And when the rocks came down
On the dark Morgarten dell
And the crownèd casques o'erthrown
Before our fathers fell.

. . . . . .

For the Kühreihen's notes must never sound
In a land that wears the chain ;
And the vines on freedom's holy ground
Untrampled must remain !
And the yellow harvest wave
For no stranger's hand to reap,
While within their silent graves
The men of Grütli sleep.

F. D. HEMANS

THE BRIDGE AT LUCERNE

ONE after one its tablets that unfold
The whole design of sacred history ;
From the first tasting of the fatal tree,
Till the bright star appeared in eastern skies,
Announcing One was born mankind to free,
His acts, His wrongs, His final sacrifice ;
Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes.

Long may these homely works devised of old,
These simple efforts of Helvetian skill
Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold

The State—the country's destiny to mould ;
Turning, for those who pass, the common dust
Of servile opportunity to gold ;
Filling the soul with sentiments august,
The beautiful, the brave, the holy and the just.

W. WORDSWORTH

THE OBERLAND

THE JUNGFRAU

EASILY first for beauty and prestige among Oberland mountains is the peerless Jungfrau —but you must only see her from the north. Thence she is beheld, a most effulgent beauty, fair among the fairest mountain visions upon earth. The elegance of her form, displayed and emphasised by the white samite of her drapery, and beheld from the lake at her foot abides in the memory of all who are privileged to behold her. Only one rival does she possess in the district, and that is not a mountain, but a glacier, the great Aletsch, greatest of all in the Alps, beautiful exceeding to look down upon, beautiful in its middle course, and fairest of all in the wide expanses of its ample gathering ground. It subordinates to itself all the high surrounding peaks and renders them the mere rim of its cup.

W. M. CONWAY
The Alps

LAUTERBRUNNEN

WE proceeded up the right-hand defile, along the side of the white Luchine, through a grand yet verdant and even smiling pass—such is the valley of Lauterbrunnen—all flushed with verdure up to the tops of its rocky ridges, and above these, noble trees feathering and flaunting

triumphant over its highest steeps. Before us was a radiant mass of snowy mountains filling the gorge, with the peak of the Jungfrau above them and the round spotlessness of the Silver Horn just below it, and out of the bosom of the nearer Alps, the stream we were accompanying was seen creaming down a dark precipice, like frosted lava from an innocent volcano. On the left, a pile of brown, gigantic rocks uprose . . . with pinnacles, clustered chimneys, gable ends, vast porches, fretted broken stories, niches for great statues, an entire picture, which might be one of Cattermole's illustrations of Dickens expanded into giant form and petrified.

T. N. TALFOURD

Vacation Rambles

AN AVALANCHE ON THE JUNGFRAU

SLOWLY and solemnly the pure white cone appeared to rise higher and higher into the sunlight, being afterwards mottled with gold and gloom, as clouds drifted between it and the sun. I descended alone towards the base of the mountain, making my way through a rugged gorge, the sides of which were strewn with pine trees, splintered, broken across, and torn up by the roots. I finally reached the end of a glacier, formed by the snow and shattered ice which fell from the shoulders of the Jungfrau. The view from this place had a magnificence such as I had not previously beheld, and it was not without some slight feeling of awe that I

clambered up the end of the glacier. It was the first I had actually stood upon. The loneliness of the place was very impressive, the silence being only broken by fitful gusts of wind, or by the weird rattle of the débris which fell at intervals from the melting ice.

Once I noticed what appeared to be the sudden and enormous augmentation of the waters of a cascade, but the sound soon informed me that the increase was due to an avalanche, which had chosen the track of the cascade for its rush. Soon afterwards my eyes were fixed upon a white slope some thousands of feet above me; I saw the ice give way, and after a sensible interval the thunder of another avalanche reached me. A kind of zigzag channel had been worn on the side of the mountain, and through this the avalanche rushed, hidden at intervals, and anon shooting forth and leaping like a cataract down the precipice. The sound was sometimes continuous, but sometimes broken into rounded explosions, which seemed to exert a passionate predominance over the general level of the roar. These avalanches, when they first give way, usually consist of enormous blocks of ice, which are more and more shattered as they descend. . . . Much of the ice is crushed to powder; and thus when an avalanche pours cataract-like over a ledge, the heavier masses, being less influenced by the atmospheric resistance, shoot forward like descending rockets, leaving the lighter powder in trains behind them.

J. TYNDALL

Glaciers of the Alps

LITTLE SCHEIDECK

THE scene from the summit was exceedingly grand. The upper air exhibited a commotion which we did not experience; clouds were wildly driven against the flanks of the Eiger, the Jungfrau thundered behind, while in front of us a magnificent rainbow, fixing one of its arms in the valley of Grindelwald, and throwing the other right over the crown of the Wetterhorn, clasped the mountain in its embrace. Through jagged apertures in the clouds floods of golden light were poured down the sides of the mountain. On the slope were innumerable châlets, glistening in the sunbeams, herds browsing peacefully and shaking their mellow bells; while the blackness of the pine trees, crowded into woods, or scattered in pleasant clusters over alp and valley, contrasted forcibly with the lively green of the fields.

J. TYNDALL

Glaciers of the Alps

THE HANDECK FALLS

THE Aar comes gambolling down to the bridge from its parent glacier, takes one short jump upon a projecting ledge, boils up into foam, and then leaps into a chasm, from the bottom of which its roar ascends through the gloom. A rivulet named the Aarlenbach joins the Aar from the left in the very jaws of the chasm; falling, at first, upon a projection at some depth below the ledge, and, rebounding from this, it darts at the Aar, and

both plunge together like a pair of fighting demons to the bottom of the gorge. The foam of the Aarlenbach is white, that of the Aar is yellow, and this enables the observer to trace the passage of the one cataract through the other. As I stood upon the bridge, the sun shone brightly upon the spray and foam; my shadow was oblique to the river, and hence a symmetrical rainbow could not be formed in the spray, but one half of a lovely bow, with its base in the chasm, leaned over against the opposite rocks, the colour advancing and retreating as the spray shifted its position.

J. TYNDALL
Glaciers of the Alps

THE MÄRJELEN SEE

THE sunbeams called us early on the morning of the first of August. No cloud rested on the opposite range of the Valais mountains, but on looking towards the Aeggischorn, we found a cap upon its crest; we looked again—the cap had disappeared, and a serene heaven stretched overhead. As we breasted the alp the moon was still in the sky, paling more and more before the advancing day; a single hawk swung in the atmosphere above us; clear streams babbled from the hills, the louder sounds reposing on a base of music; while groups of cows with tinkling bells browsed upon the green alp. Here and there the grass was dispossessed, and the flanks of the mountain were covered by the blocks which had been cast down from the summit.

On reaching the plateau at the base of the final pyramid, we rounded the mountain to the right, and came over the lonely and beautiful Märjelen See. No doubt the hollow which this lake fills had been scooped out in former ages by a branch of the Aletsch Glacier; but long ago the blue ice gave place to blue water. The glacier bounds it at one side by a vertical wall of ice sixty feet in height; this is incessantly undermined, a roof of crystal being formed over the water, till at length the projecting mass, becoming too heavy for its own rigidity, breaks and tumbles into the lake. Here, attacked by sun and air, its blue surface is rendered dazzlingly white, and several icebergs of this kind now floated in the sunlight; the water was of glassy smoothness, and in its blue depths each ice mass doubled itself by reflection.

J. TYNDALL
Glaciers of the Alps

EVENING NEAR THE JUNGFRAU

THE sun had quitted our firmament, but still tinted the clouds with red and purple, while one peak of snow in particular glowed like fire, so vivid was its illumination. During our journey upwards, the Jungfrau never once showed her head, but, as if in ill-temper, had wrapped her vapoury veil around her. She now looked more good-humoured, but still she did not quite remove her hood, though all the other summits, without a trace of cloud to mask their beautiful forms, pointed

heavenward. The calmness was perfect; no sound of human creature, no whisper of a breeze, no gurgle of water, no rustle of débris to break the deep and solemn silence. Surely, if beauty be an object of worship, these glorious mountains, with rounded shoulders of the purest white—snow-crested and star-gemmed—were well calculated to excite sentiments of adoration.

J. TYNDALL
Glaciers of the Alps

SUMMIT OF THE FINSTER-AARHORN

THE various shapes of the mountains, some grand, some beautiful, bathed in yellow sunshine, or lying black and riven under the frown of impervious cumuli; the pure white peaks, cornices, bosses, and amphitheatres; the blue ice-rifts, the stratified snow-precipices, the glaciers issuing from the hollows of the eternal hills, and stretching like frozen serpents through the sinuous valleys; the lower cloud-field—itself an empire of vaporous hills—shining with dazzling whiteness, while here and there grim summits, brown by nature and black by contrast, pierce through it like volcanic islands through a shining sea. Add to this the consciousness of one's position which clings to one unconsciously, that undercurrent of emotion which surrounds the question of one's personal safety, at a height of more than 14,000 feet above the sea, and which is increased by the weird, strange sound

of the wind surging with the full, deep boom of the distant sea against the precipice behind, or rising to higher cadences as it forces itself through the crannies of the weatherworn rocks—all conspire to render the scene from the Finsteraarhorn worthy of the monarch of the Bernese Alps.

J. TYNDALL
Glaciers of the Alps

JUNGFRAU

IT was a narrow, narrow way, winding up the shoulder of the hill, now in sunlight, now in shade ; the summer air sweetened with the scent of the pine trees ; pine-clad slopes above, pine-clad slopes below, sometimes gently slanting downward, a green hillside which little children might play upon ; sometimes a sheer descent, terrible to the eye ; châlets dotting the meadow far below ; villages spread out on the green sward of the valley and looking like clusters of toy houses ; the road winding through the valley like a silver ribbon ; the awful Jungfrau range facing them as they ascended, in all its unspeakable majesty ; grander and ever grander as they came nearer to it.

M. E. BRADDON
Asphodel

EIGER

AND now again across the Black Luchine, by another covered bridge, and up the steep winding road through a narrow gorge in the hills until the cleft widens and the Grindelwald valley

opens before them in all its glory, ranged about with mountains, the great Eiger standing boldly out in front of them, with broad patches of snow on his dark, stony front behind a bold edge of pine-clad hill. There is unspeakable grandeur in that bleak and rugged mountain rising above the verdure and beauty of the nearer hills. M. E. BRADDON

Asphodel

THE JUNGFRAU AND SCHAFFHAUSEN

THE virgin mountain, wearing like a queen
A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,
Sheds ruin from her sides ; and men below
Wonder that aught of aspect so serene
Can link with desolation. Smooth and green
And seeming, at a little distance, slow,
The waters of the Rhine ; but on they go
Fretting and whitening, keener and more keen
Till madness seizes on the whole wide flood,
Turned to a fearful thing whose nostrils breathe
Blasts of tempestuous smoke—wherewith he tries
To hide himself, but only magnifies ;
And doth in more conspicuous torment writhe
Deafening the region in his ireful mood.

W. WORDSWORTH

THE HANDECK FALLS

FROM the fierce aspect of this river, throwing
His giant body o'er the steep rocks' brink,
Back in astonishment and fear we shrink :

But, gradually a calmer look bestowing
Flowers we espy beside the torrent growing ;
Flowers that peep forth from many a cleft and chink,
And from the whirlwind of his anger drink
Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing :
They suck—from breath that, threatening to destroy,
Is more benignant than the dewy eve—
Beauty and life and motions as of joy :
No doubt but He to whom yon pine trees nod
Their heads in sign of worship, Nature's God,
Those humbler adorations will receive.

W. WORDSWORTH

THE STAUBBACH FALLS

UTTERED by whom, or how inspired—designed
For what strange service, does this concert reach
Our ears, and near the dwellings of mankind,
'Mid fields familiarized to human speech ?
No mermaid's warble—to allay the wind
Driving some vessel toward a dangerous beach—
More thrilling melodies ; witch answering witch
To chant a love-spell, never intertwined
Notes shrill and wild with art more musical ;
Alas that from the lips of abject want,
Or idleness in tatters mendicant
The strain should flow—free fancy to enthral,
And with regret and useless pity haunt
This bold, this bright, this sky-born waterfall.

W. WORDSWORTH

THE BLUMLIS ALP

TURNING from Kandersteg and the Gemmi, you overlook at once the long descending vale, all the way to where it ends at Frutigen, with the spires and white houses of that village shining in the distant evening sun. Is not the view quite enchanting? Nearly at right angles with the gorge down which you are descending, lies the now concealed valley of Frutigen; one of the richest deep enclosures of the Alps. And now it opens upon us. We lose the Gemmi and the woods and roaring brooks of Kandersteg, and turn down towards the more open face of a world so beautiful. Our drive through the vale brought us full upon the view of the snowy Blumlis Alp at sunset. What a form of majesty and glory! How he flings the mantle of the evening sun upon us, as if he were himself about to ascend in fire from earth to heaven.

> "So like the mountains, may we grow more bright,
> From unimpeded commerce with the sun,
> At the approach of all-involving night."

Nothing earthly can be more glorious than such a revelation. Meantime, as we rode into the twilight of the vale, there came and went between the trees and the mountains through which we looked into the western heavens, a sky that seemed for a season to be growing brighter as we were getting darker—a sky, as the same poet describes it,

> "Bright as the glimpses of eternity
> To saints accorded in their dying hour."

So shone the Blumlis Alp. G. B. CHEEVER

LAKE OF THUN

TURNING from the valley and passing the lovely entrance of the Simmenthal, we came upon the borders of the Lake of Thun, and beheld suddenly the full moon rising behind the snowy ranges of the Bernese Alps and gilding them with such mild, cloudless effulgence that nothing could be more beautiful. They were distinct and shining, and so soft and white —so grand and varied in their outlines—that the sudden vision beneath the sailing moon seemed like a trance or dream of some eternal scenery. For the horizon and the deep air above it glowed like a pale liquid flame, and in this atmosphere the mountains were set, like the foundations of the Celestial City.

G. B. CHEEVER

THE JUNGFRAU

THE rising of the moon was beyond expression lovely. The clouds had gone, and the snowy summit of the Jungfrau seemed hanging over into the valley, and the moon rose, with a single star by her side, lending to the glaciers a rich but transitory brilliancy, and shining with her solemn light—so still, so solemn—down into the depths of the broad ravine, upon meadow, rock, and torrent. From the window of my room I could see in one view the moon, the glittering Jungfrau, and the foaming Staubbach on the other side. We were once more out of the world of artificial and dawdling idlers,

and in the deep heart of nature's most solitary and sublime recesses. How great, how pure, how exquisite is the enjoyment of the traveller in these mountain solitudes! He scarcely feels fatigue, but only excitement; it is a species of mental intoxication—a joyous, elevated, elastic state which is as natural an atmosphere for the mind, in the circumstances, as the pure, bracing mountain air is for the body.

G. B. CHEEVER

THE STAUBBACH FALL

IT is between eight and nine hundred feet in height, over the perpendicular precipice, so that the eye traces its course so long, and its movement is so checked by the resistance of the air and the roughness of the mountain, that it seems rather to float than to fall, and before it reaches the bottom dances down in ten thousand little jets of white foam, which all alight together as softly as a white-winged albatross on the bosom of the ocean. It is as if a million of rockets were shot off in one shaft into the air, and then descended together, some of them breaking at every point in the descent, and all streaming down in a combination of meteors. So the streams in this fall, where it springs into the air, separate and hold their own as long as possible, and then burst into rockets of foam, dropping down at first heavily, as if determined to reach the ground unbroken, and then dissolving into showers of mist so gracefully, so beautifully, like snow dust on the bosom of the air.

G. B. CHEEVER

AN AVALANCHE ON THE JUNGFRAU

SUDDENLY an enormous mass of snow and ice, in itself a mountain, seems to move; it breaks from the toppling outmost mountain ridge of snow, where it is hundreds of feet in depth, and in its first fall of perhaps two thousand feet is broken into millions of fragments. As you first see the flash of distant artillery by night, then hear the roar, so here you may see the white flashing mass majestically bowing, then hear the astounding din. A cloud of dusty, misty, dry snow rises into the air from the concussion, forming a white volume of fleecy smoke or misty light, from the bosom of which thunders forth the icy torrent in its second prodigious fall over the rocky battlements. The eye follows it as it ploughs through the path which preceding avalanches have worn, till it comes to the brink of a vast ridge of bare rock, perhaps more than two thousand feet perpendicular. Then pours the whole cataract over the gulf with a still louder roar of echoing thunder, to which nothing but the noise of Niagara is comparable in its sublimity.

G. B. CHEEVER

MOUNTAIN NAMES

THE view from the summit of the pass towards Grindelwald is very magnificent, for you see the whole green and lovely valley amid its grand

surrounding mountains. The snowy peaks of the Jungfrau, Monk, and the giant Eiger are in full sight; also, as you proceed, the Wetterhorn, or peak of tempests, the Schreckhorn, or peak of terror, and the Finster-aarhorn, or peak of darkness, come into the vision, the latter with its sharp sky-pointing pyramid being the loftiest of the Oberland group. Well named are these mighty peaks, for terror, storm, and darkness do here hold their sway through no small part of the year, though on a bright midsummer's day with what glittering, varied, successive splendours do they crown the view! G. B. CHEEVER

THE ROSENLAUI GLACIER

THE Rosenlaui glacier, celebrated for the extreme beauty of its roseate and azure colours, lies in a mighty mountain gorge on our right, far up between the great masses of the Wellhorn and the Angels' Peak, a most remarkable scene, both in itself and its accessories—the ice-born picture, its fir-clad base, and its gigantic craggy frame. A thundering torrent comes roaring down an almost fathomless split in the mountain, where the jagged sides threaten each other like the jaws of hell. Torrents from different directions meet fiercely at the foot of the glacier, which is thrown over them as a mountain of ice, with vast ice blocks roofing the subterranean fissure, with a mighty peak of rock towering above, and a mountain of granite on the other side. The surrounding forests of fir, the

cataracts, the ice-cliffs shining, and the gray, bare crags keeping watch like sentinels, together with the extreme picturesqueness and beauty of the valley opening out beneath, make up a scene well worth the toil of climbing to it. G. B. CHEEVER

MANFRED

YE toppling crags of ice,
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me!
I hear ye momently above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass
And only fall on things that still would live—
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager.

. . . . . .

The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell,
Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,
Heaped with the damned like pebbles.
Mountains have fallen,
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up
The ripe, green valleys with destruction's splinters;
Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,
Which crush'd the waters into mist and made
Their fountains find another channel—thus,
Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg—
Why stood I not beneath it?

. . . . . .

Such would have been for me a fitting tomb ;
My bones had then been quiet in their depth ;
They had not then been strewn upon the rocks
For the wind's pastime—as thus—thus they shall be—
In this one plunge. Farewell, ye opening heavens !
Look not upon me thus reproachfully—
You were not meant for me. Earth ! take these atoms !

BYRON

GENEVA AND ITS LAKE

THE LAKE OF GENEVA

DAY glimmered in the east, and the white moon
Hung like a vapour in the cloudless sky,
Yet visible, when on my way I went,
Glad to be gone ; a pilgrim from the north,
Now more and more attracted as I drew
Nearer and nearer. Ere the artisan
Had from his window leant, drowsy, half-clad,
To snuff the morn, or the caged lark poured forth,
From his green sod upspringing as to heaven
(His tuneful bill o'erflowing with a song
Old in the days of Homer, and his wings
With transport quivering), on my way I went,
Thy gates, Geneva, swinging heavily,
Thy gates so slow to open, swift to shut ;
As on that Sabbath eve when he arrived
Whose name is now thy glory, now by thee
Such virtue dwells in those small syllables,
Inscribed to consecrate the narrow street,
His birth-place—when, but one short step too late,
In his despair, as though the die were cast,
He flung him down to sleep and slept till dawn ;
Then rose to go, a wanderer through the world.
Day glimmered and I went, a gentle breeze
Ruffled the Leman lake. Wave after wave,
If such they might be called, dashed as in sport,
Not anger, with the pebbles on the beach,

Making wild music, and far westward caught
The sunbeam—where, alone, and as enhanced,
Counting the hours, the fisher in his skiff
Lay with his circular and dotted line
On the bright waters. When the heart of man
Is light with hope, all things are sure to please ;
And soon a passage-boat swept gaily by,
Laden with peasant-girls and fruits and flowers,
And many a chanticleer and partlet gaged
For Vevey's market-place—a motley group
Seen through the silvery haze. But soon 'twas gone.
The shifting sail flapped idly to and fro,
Then bore them off. I am not one of those
So dead to all things in this visible world,
So wondrously profound, as to move on
In the sweet light of heaven, like him of old
(His name is justly in the calendar)
Who through the day pursued this pleasant path
That winds beside the vision of all beauty,
And when at eve his fellow-pilgrims sate
Discoursing of the lake, asked where it was.
They marvelled, as they might ; and so must all
Seeing what now I saw : for now 'twas day,
And the bright sun was in the firmament,
A thousand shadows of a thousand hues
Chequering the clear expanse. Awhile his orb
Hung o'er thy trackless fields of snow, Mont Blanc,
Thy seas of ice and ice-bound promontories,
That change their shape for ever as in sport ;
Then travelled onward and went down behind
The pine-clad heights of Jura, lighting up
The woodman's casement, and perchance his axe,

Borne homewards through the forest in his hand :
And on the edge of some o'erhanging cliff,
That dungeon-fortress never to be named,
Where, like a lion taken in the toils,
Toussaint breathed out his brave and generous spirit.

SAMUEL ROGERS

MEILLERIE

THESE grey, majestic cliffs that tower to heaven,
These glimmering glades and open chestnut groves,
That echo to the heifer's wandering bell
Or woodman's axe or steersman's song beneath,
As on he urges his fir-laden bark,
Or shout of goat-herd boy above them all,
Who loves not ? And who blesses not the light,
When thro' some loop-hole he surveys the lake,
Blue as sapphire-stone, and richly set
With châteaux, villages, and village spires,
Orchards and vineyards, Alps and Alpine snows ?
Here would I dwell ; nor visit, but in thought,
Ferney far south, silent and empty now,
As now thy once-luxurious bowers, Ripaille ;
Vevey, so long an exiled patriot's home ;
Or Chillon's dungeon floors beneath the wave,
Channelled and worn by pacing to and fro ;
Lausanne, where Gibbon in his sheltered walk
Nightly called up the shade of ancient Rome ;
Or Coppet, and that dark, untrodden grove,
Sacred to virtue and a daughter's tears.

Here would I dwell, forgetting and forgot;
And oft methinks (of such strange potency,
The spells that genius scatters where he will),
Oft should I wander forth like one in search,
And say half-dreaming, "Here St. Preux has stood,"
Then turn and gaze on Clarens.
Yet there is,
Within an eagle's flight and less, a scene
Still nobler if not fairer (once again
Would I behold it ere these eyes are closed,
For I can say, "I also have been there"),
That sacred lake withdrawn among the hills,
Its depth of waters flanked as with a wall,
Built by the giant race before the Flood,
Where not a cross or chapel but inspires
Holy delight, lifting our thoughts to God
From God-like men—men in a barbarous age
That dared assert their birthright and displayed
Deeds half divine, returning good for ill;
That in the desert sowed the seeds of life,
Framing a band of small republics there
Which still exist, the envy of the world.
Who would not land in each and tread the ground—
Land where Tell leaped ashore—and climb to drink
Of the three hallowed fountains? He that does
Comes back the better, and relates at home
That he was met and greeted by a race
Such as he read of in his boyish days;
Such as Miltiades at Marathon
Led when he chased the Persians to their ships.
There while the well-known boat is heaving in,

Piled with rude merchandise or launching forth,
Thronged with wild cattle for Italian fairs,
There in the sunshine, 'mid their native snows,
Children let loose from school, contend to use
The cross-bow of their fathers ; and o'errun
The rocky field, where all in every age
Assembling sit, like one great family,
Forming alliances, enacting laws ;
Each cliff and headland and green promontory
Graven to their eyes with records of the past
That prompt to hero-worship and excite
Even in the least, the lowliest, as he toils,
A reverence nowhere else or felt or feigned ;
Their chronicler great Nature ; and the volume
Vast as her works—above, below, around.
The fisher on thy beach, Thermopylae,
Asks of the lettered stranger why he came,
First from his lips to learn the glorious truth.
And who that whets his scythe in Runnymede,
Though but for them a slave, recalls to mind
The barons in array with their great charter ?
Among the everlasting Alps alone
There to burn as in a sanctuary,
Bright and unsullied lives the ethereal flame ;
And 'mid those scenes unchanged, unchangeable,
Why should it ever die ? SAMUEL ROGERS

FERNEY

A SHADED, shrubberied drive admitted to the house where Voltaire lived so long and peacefully. Two quiet rooms, salon and bedchamber

looked into a short, broad alley of trees, a garden and summer-house perched high on the hillside, and commanding a wide prospect of fertile valley and gloomy mountain. All things in those two rooms were exactly as they had been in the great man's lifetime ; everything was exquisitely neat, and all the colours had faded to those delicate half-tints which the artistic soul loveth ; faint greys and purples, fainter greens and fawns. Here was the narrow bed on which Voltaire slept, with its embroidered coverlet ; chairs and fauteuils covered with tapestry ; walls upholstered with figured satin damask, pale with age ; Lekain's portrait over the bed ; Madame du Chatelet's opposite, where the great satirist's cynical glance must have rested on it as he awakened from his slumbers.

M. E. BRADDON
Asphodel

GENEVA

THERE is the lake, so grand and beautiful around Vevey—there is the arrowy Rhone so blue and rapid, and its junction with the Arve, combining so many points of interest and beauty from the heights that overlook the rivers. There are commanding views of Mont Blanc, especially at sunset, with the changing hues from dazzling white to deep red crimson, from crimson to cold grey, from grey to pink, till the colour is lost in the dimness of evening. Then there are the golden hues of twilight shadowed in the lake, and the light veil of mist drawing across the foliage of the valley as the evening shuts in upon

it. . . . Mont Blanc is clearly visible from Geneva perhaps once a week. . . . Those snowy mountain ranges, so white, so pure, so dazzling in the clear azure depths, do really look as if they belonged to another world.

G. B. CHEEVER, 1845

COPPET

IN proportion as you rise from the borders of the lake, every part of the landscape becomes more beautiful, though what you wish to gain is the most commanding view of the mountains, every other object being secondary. In a bright day nothing can be more clearly and distinctly defined than Mont Blanc, with his attendant mighty ranges, cut in dazzling snowy brightness against the clear blue. The sight of these glorious, glittering fields and mountains of ice and snow produces immediately a longing to be there among them. They make an impression on the soul of something supernatural, almost divine. Although the whole scene lying before you is so beautiful, yet the snowy ranges of Mont Blanc are the grand feature. Those glittering distant peaks are the only thing in the scene that takes a powerful hold upon the soul; but they do quite possess it and tyrannise over it with an ecstatic thraldom.

G. B. CHEEVER, 1845

RHONE AND ARVE

THE Rhone is as clear and delicious an azure as the lake itself, almost as deep and bright and transparent a colour as that of the heavens reflecting its bosom, but the Arve is as muddy as Acheron and as cold as death. The Rhone comes from the crystal, sleeping lake, the Arve from the restless, grinding glaciers. The Arve endeavours to rush into the Rhone almost at right angles, and to mingle its muddy, turbulent current with the crystal depths of the lake-river; but the Rhone refuses the mixture and flows on by itself, so that the Arve is also compelled, though much mortified, to keep on its own side, being able to unite with the Rhone only in little eddies or ringlets, like the tresses of a fair-haired girl beside the curls of an Ethiopian. Nature has forbid the banns between the two rivers, and all that the Arve can do is vain, for his offers and his menaces are both rejected, and he has to pass on in cold and single blessedness.

G. B. CHEEVER, 1845

CHILLON

THE insupportable solitude and dreariness of the white walls and towers, the sluggish moat and drawbridge, and the lonely ramparts, I never saw the like of. But there is a courtyard inside, surrounded by prisons, oubliettes, and old chambers of torture so terrifically sad that death

itself is not more sorrowful. And oh! a wicked old grand duke's bedchamber upstairs in the tower, with a secret staircase down into the chapel, where the bats were wheeling about; and Bonnivard's dungeon, and a horrible trap whence prisoners were cast out into the lake, and a stake, all burnt and crackled up, that still stands in the torture-ante-chamber to the saloon of justice! What tremendous places! Good God, the greatest mystery in all the earth to me is how or why the earth was tolerated by the Creator through the good old times, and wasn't dashed to fragments!

CHARLES DICKENS
Letters

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

I

MY hair is grey, but not with years;
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears:
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death:
That father perish'd at the stake

For tenets he would not forsake ;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place.
We were seven—who now are one,
  Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
  Proud of Persecution's rage :
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd,
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied ;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old ;
There are seven columns, massy and grey,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left ;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp :
And in each pillar there is a ring,
  And in each ring there is a chain ;
That iron is a cankering thing,
  For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise

For years—I cannot count them o'er :
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet each alone :
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight :
And thus together, yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but joined in heart,
'Twas still some solace in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold ;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon-stone.
A grating sound—not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be.
It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.

IV

I was the eldest of the three ;
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do—and did—my best,

And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven—
For him my soul was sorely moved.
And truly might it be distrest
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day—
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free)—
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills,
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

V

The other was as pure of mind,
But form'd to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perished in the foremost rank
With joy—but not in chains to pine;
His spirit wither'd with their clank,
I saw it silently decline—
And so perchance in sooth did mine;
But yet I forced it on to cheer

Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
  Had followed there the deer and wolf,
  To him his dungeon was a gulf,
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

VI

  Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls :
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow ;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
  Which round about the wave enthralls :
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave.
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple night and day :
  Sounding o'er our heads it knocked ;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high,
And wanton in the happy sky ;
  And then the very rock hath rock'd,
  And I have felt it shake unshock'd,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

VII

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food :
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,

For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care :
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat ;
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow-men
Like brutes within an iron den :
But what were these to us or him ?
These wasted not his heart or limb :
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side.
But why delay the truth ?—he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead—
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died ; and they unlocked his chain,
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine : it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his free-born breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer :
They coldly laugh'd—and laid him there :
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love ;

His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument !

VIII

But he, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free :
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away.
O God ! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood :
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoll'n convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread :
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmix'd with such, but sure and slow.
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender, kind,
And grieved for those he left behind ;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,

Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray ;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot ;
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most ;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less :
I listen'd, but I could not hear ;
I call'd, for I was wild with fear :
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished.
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rush'd to him : I found him not ;
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only lived—*I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew ;
The last, the sole, the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe :
I took that hand which lay so still—
Alas, my own was full as chill !
I had not strength to stir, or strive,

But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die ;
I had no earthly hope—but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

IX

What next befell me then and there
I know not well—I never knew :
First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness too.
I had no thought, no feeling—none ;
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist ;
For all was blank, and bleak, and grey,
It was not night—it was not day ;
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness—without a place :
There were no stars, no earth, no time,
No check, no change, no good, no crime,
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death ;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless !

X

A light broke in upon my brain—
It was the carol of a bird ;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful, till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery.
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track :
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before ;
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree ;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seem'd to say them all for me.
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more :
It seem'd, like me, to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate ;
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine ;

But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird, I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile—
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone—
Lone, as the corse within its shroud;
Lone, as a solitary cloud—
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue and earth is gay.

XI

A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate:
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe;
But so it was: my broken chain
With links unfasten'd did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,

Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod ;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

XII

I made a footing in the wall,
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all,
Who loved me in a human shape ;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me :
No child, no sire, no kin had I,
No partner in my misery.
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad :
But I was curious to ascend
To my barr'd windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII

I saw them—and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame ;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high, their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow :
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channel'd rock and broken bush ;

I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down ;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view :
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor ;
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous each and all ;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seem'd to fly ;
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain.
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load ;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save ;
And yet my glance, too much oppress,
Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count—I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,

And clear them of their dreary mote ;
At last men came to set me free,
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where,
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be—
I learn'd to love despair.
And thus, when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own !
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home :
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they ?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell,
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell :
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are : even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

BYRON

PRISONER OF CHILLON

ETERNAL spirit of the chainless mind !
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—

The heart which love of thee alone can bind ;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard !—May none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

BYRON

LAKE LEMAN

ROUSSEAU—Voltaire—our Gibbon—and De Staël—
Leman ! these names are worthy of thy shore,
Thy shore of names like these ! wert thou no more,
Their memory thy remembrance would recall :
To them thy banks were lovely as to all,
But they have made them lovelier, for the lore
Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core
Of human hearts the ruin of a wall
Where dwelt the wise and wondrous ; but by thee
How much more, Lake of Beauty ! do we feel,
In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,
The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,
Which of the heirs of immortality
Is proud, and makes the breath of glory real.

BYRON

LAKE GENEVA

LAKE Leman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue :
There is too much of man here, to look through
With a fit mind the might which I behold ;
But soon in me shall loneliness renew
Thoughts hid, but not less cherished than of old,
Ere mingling with the herd had penned me in their fold.

BYRON

Childe Harold, iii. 68

ROUSSEAU AT CLARENS

HERE the self-tortured sophist, wild Rousseau,
The apostle of affliction, he who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
The breath which made him wretched ; yet he knew
How to make madness beautiful, and cast
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue,
Of words like sunbeams, dazzling as they past
The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.

. . . . . .

For then he was inspired, and from him came
As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
Those oracles which set the world in flame,
Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more :

Did he not this for France? Which lay before
Bow'd to the inborn tyranny of years?
Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,
Till by the voice of him and his compeers,
Roused up to too much wrath, which follows o'ergrown fears.

BYRON

Childe Harold, iii. 77, 81.

LAKE GENEVA—CALM

CLEAR, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless thing
To waft me from destruction; once I loved
Torn ocean's war, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

. . . . . .

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capped heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near
Their breaths a living fragrance from the shore
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

. . . . . .

BYRON

Childe Harold, iii.

LAKE GENEVA—STORM

THE sky is changed—and such a change! Oh night
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud

. . . . . .

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted.
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted.
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom and then departed
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winter—war within themselves to wage.

. . . . . .

Now where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft its way,
The merriest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around; of all the band
The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
His lightnings—as if he did understand

That in such gaps as desolation worked
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein
lurked.

. . . . . .

And this is in the night ; most glorious night !
Thou wert not sent for slumber ; let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight
A portion of the tempest and of thee
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth,
And now again 'tis black—and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's
birth.

. . . . . .

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightning ! ye
With night and clouds and thunder and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful ; the far roll
Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless—if I rest.
But where of ye, O tempests ! is the goal ?
Are ye like those within the human breast ?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest ?

BYRON
Childe Harold, iii.

CLARENS AND ROUSSEAU

CLARENS! sweet Clarens ! birthplace of deep love,
Thine air is the young breath of passionate
thought :

Thy trees take root in love ; the snows above
Thy very glaciers have his colours caught,
And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly ; the rocks,
The permanent crags, tell here of love, who sought
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos,
then mocks.

. . . . . .

Clarens ! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod—
Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne
To which the steps are mountains ; where the god
Is a pervading life and light—so shown
Not on those summits solely, nor alone
In the still cave and forest ; o'er the flower
His eye is sparkling and his breath hath blown,
His soft and summer breath, whose tender power
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate
hour.

. . . . . .

All things are here of him ; from the black pines,
Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar
Of torrents, when he listeneth, to the vines
Which slope his green path downward to the shore,
Where the bowed waters meet him and adore,
Kissing his feet with murmurs ; and the wood,
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood
Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

. . . . . .

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affections ; but he found

It was the scene which passion must allot
To the mind's purified beings ; 'twas the ground
Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,
And hallowed it with loveliness ; 'tis lone,
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
And sense, and sight of sweetness ; here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have reared
a throne.

BYRON
Childe Harold, iii.

LAUSANNE AND GIBBON

FERNEY AND VOLTAIRE

LAUSANNE! and Ferney! ye have been the abodes
Of names which unto you bequeathed a name;
Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads,
A path to perpetuity of fame :
They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
Thoughts which should call down thunder, and the
flame
Of Heaven, again assailed, if Heaven the while
On man and man's research could deign do more
than smile.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind
A wit as various—gay, grave, sage, or wild—
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined :
He multiplied himself among mankind,
The Proteus of their talents : But his own

Breathed most in ridicule—which, as the wind,
Blew where it listed, laying all things prone—
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,
And living wisdom with each studious year,
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer ;
The lord of irony—that master-spell,
Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear
And doomed him to the zealot's ready hell,
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

BYRON
Childe Harold, iii. 106–7–8

LOVE OF MOUNTAINS AND SOLITUDE

IS it not better, then, to be alone,
And love earth only for its earthly sake ?
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
A fair but froward infant her own care,
Kissing its cries away as these awake ;
Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
Than join the crushing crowd, doomed to inflict or bear ?

. . . . . .

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them ?

Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion ? Should I not contemn
All objects if compared with these ? and stem
A tide of suffering rather than forgo
Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
Of those whose eyes are only turned below
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not glow.

BYRON
Childe Harold, iii. 71-75.

FAREWELL

BUT let me quit man's works, again to read
His Maker's, spread around me, and suspend
This page, which from my reveries I feed,
Until it seems prolonging without end.
The clouds above me to the white Alps tend,
And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er
May be permitted, as my steps I bend
To their most great and growing region, where
The earth to her embrace compels the powers of air.

BYRON
Childe Harold, iii. 109.

THE feeling with which all around Clarens and the opposite rocks of Meillerie is invested, is of a still higher and more comprehensive order than the mere sympathy with individual passion ; it is a sense of the existence of love in its most extended and sublime capacity, and of our own participation of its good and of its glory : it is the great principle

of the universe which is there more condensed, but not less manifested; and of which, though knowing ourselves a part, we lose our individuality and mingle in the beauty of the whole.

BYRON

JE dirais volontiers à ceux qui ont du goût et qui sont sensibles : Allez à Vevay—visitez le pays, examinez les sites, promenez-vous sur le lac, et dites si la Nature n'a pas fait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour une Claire et pour un Saint-Preux.

J. J. ROUSSEAU, 1712–1778

UN mélange étonnant de la nature sauvage et de la nature cultivée. Au levant les fleurs du printemps, au midi les fruits de l'automne, au nord les glace de l'hiver—tous les climats dans le même lieu —toutes les saisons dans le même instant.

ROUSSEAU

CE paysage unique, le plus beau dont l'œil humain fut jamais frappé ! séjour charmant auquel je n'avais rien trouvé d'égal dans le tour du monde ! l'aspect d'un peuple heureux et libre.

ROUSSEAU

GENEVA TO CHAMONIX

SALVAN

THE best time to see it is in the morning, at the hour when the sun's first rays, still golden, are waking it and evoking its smile. Its châlets, grouped in the northern angle of the great square of verdure, and extending in two arms on the two borders, stand fraternally near one another, with lanes between them just large enough for the inhabitants to pass with their burdens. Immediately above, as far as the not very distant border of the forest, cultivated fields are staged in little inclined terraces. Like every right-thinking village, it presses round its church, its dear church with the slender and very white belfry, which watches over the peaceful roofs from on high.

Each of its châlets of browned larch offers to the sun, besides its balconies, where the harvest, laid out in little sheaves, dries under the protection of the wide eaves, its carefully kept and flowering garden, its hive peopled by bees, and its abundant stock of wood piled up for the winter. At the morning hour, above large roofs neatly and picturesquely covered with rough slate, the little chimneys exhale their blue smoke-puffs; lightly and softly they may be seen mounting from every hearth, revealing the life of the interior. If the air be calm they unite and form above the roofs like a veil of blue gauze, which

slowly rises and seems to take pleasure in floating above the village before leaving it. In the meadows the still humid herbage sparkles in the clear rays of the early sun. The gay noise of the lively waters which run in little canals, those well cared for and prosperous estates, those people who come and go betimes around the houses and in the fields, everything announces a large family of happy workers.

EMILE JAVELLE

Alpine Memories

(*By kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin*)

VALE OF LANEUVAZ

THE vale of Laneuvaz possesses some infernal beauties, which repay the trouble required for obtaining a good view; few spots exist in the Alps of an aspect more brutally savage. Here is not the romantic freshness of the Bernese valleys, nor the luminous richness of the Alps of Zermatt, but the horrible nakedness of grey precipices and livid ice. You have just quitted the Val Ferret, which with its bare slopes, its poor châlets, its meagre vegetation, is nearly a desert; you have behind nothing but contracted and melancholy horizons, and by a vast bed of shale, across which roar the muddy waters of a large torrent, you enter an amphitheatre half a league broad, where you see nothing on all sides but the tawny grey of the rock, the white of the snow, and the blue of the sky. One would say that it was the mission of the mountains to defend the approach to the white solitudes which stretch on

the other side. As if they had to resist some warrior similar to those of the Hindoo epics, who could tear away whole mountain sides, they have heaped around this amphitheatre all the horrors they could find. Mont Dolent suspends from its summit masses of bluish ice, which it holds in readiness to drop at any moment; the Aiguilles Rouges, above their rugged wall, lift up an impassable line of granite lances, whilst from the height of their breaches, they can discharge volleys of stones into their formidable couloirs; the Tour Noir, for its part, opposes to the adversary merely the untamable brutality of its great walls of naked rock; on all sides nothing but evil and menacing things are to be seen.

EMILE JAVELLE

Alpine Memories

(*By kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin*)

GORGE OF THE SALLANCHE

THE waters, precipitated from on high with an infernal noise, strike the rock with so much violence that their whole volume strikes obliquely with frightful spurts, which one after the other rush into the abyss, describing a gigantic arc. At every jet of foam the spectator thinks that he is being borne off into space, and this impression, continually renewed, causes a commotion which it is impossible to resist for long. Nevertheless, such is the fascination exercised by these formidable manifestations of brutal forces, that it is difficult to detach the eyes from the spectacle; the spectator presently returns

to the spot as though bewitched and under the control of a spell.

EMILE JAVELLE
Alpine Memories
(*By kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin*)

THE NANT D'ARPENAZ

THE Nant d'Arpenaz is the fall of a small rivulet, which gushes down unseen through fissures of the lofty rock, then in mid-air leaps from it, and meeting immediately with little projections, is dashed into fine atoms, floats off some two hundred feet from the ground in an everlasting yet everchanging feather, and though a portion of the water may be caught by the lower rock and may drizzle down it, the body of water actually disperses; makes itself "air into which it vanishes." It is like a spirit embodied, breaking from the rock, ever perishing, yet ever renewed, an image of purity, evanescence, duration. Its substance is as slight as its identity—the most ethereal of all things which in any sense endure—light as "the snowfall in the river" or a wreath of smoke, yet existing as a waterfall for thousands of years—the Ariel of inanimate matter. I gazed back upon it till it looked like a speck of gossamer cloud, and sighed for it even while the vale, expanding wider and wider, and becoming grander and grander, dazzled me with its luxuriance and its brightness.

T. N. TALFOURD
Vacation Rambles

THE PASS OF CLUSES

THE Via Mala is more astounding as a mere slit in one mass of mountain, changed, by human power, from a gulf to gaze down upon, into a road, and then endowed in its recesses with the freight of human delight and wonder. The ascending valley from Bellinzona to Airolo is timbered with noble trees and made alive by a lovelier stream. The corresponding head of the Reuss has more majesty in the sculptured bed of the river, and its waters are possessed with a nobler fury than those of the Arve. The Munsterthal has a more dazzling alternation of narrow, pine-clad valleys, with lovely circles of bright verdure. The Hollenthal has more delicate air of fairy seclusion, and its slender pinnacles of rock, its sparkling water and radiant trees break into daintier extravagancies of beauty; but for the interweaving of the elements of the majestic with those of the lovely—the fusion of beauty in greatness — where the most exquisite details not merely fill up the vacancies of grandeur, but are themselves of grandeur's essence, not confused and contrasted with each other, but all aiding by infinite gradations to produce one glorious whole—no pass which I have seen approaches it.

Unlike most mountain passes, its course is almost on a level; like a stately corridor, it widens regularly as its mountain buttresses increase in elevation, until, when it has attained a considerable expanse, the walls of rock on the right are wreathed into the

mighty Aiguille Varens, a grotesque figure crowning its ridge, in shape as if an elephant "did his proboscis wreath to make men sport," over the entrance to the region of Mont Blanc, just exhibiting, by way of flag or signal, one huge patch of snow at its side. Below this giant fantasy of nature and the turreted rocky wall which stretches beside it, the earth seems almost to bound from the rock, with the life and passion of water, springing downwards in large rounded masses of verdant and flowery pasture and then rushing by steep slants, covered with woods, to the level meadows through which the Arve foams—a broad, milk-white stream, with ice-born power, which would almost mar the loveliness it feeds, but that it is bosomed in the coppices that run sportively along its margin. To make amends for the turbid character of the Arve, from the hills on the left gush unnumbered fountains of the purest water, sometimes darting from on high among the brushwood and gemming it with a mimic shower; sometimes falling buried in the wood beneath which they gurgle, till they rush into a clear basin by the pathway side; sometimes starting first into life at your very feet, and glistening along the roadside till they find some channel across it to the river. Hence, no doubt, the exquisite verdure which luxuriates through the floor of the valley, along which the road stretches like a garden path, beneath a succession of orchard bowers.

T. N. TALFOURD
Vacation Rambles

PISSEVACHE CASCADE

AT the height of seven hundred feet the torrent first catches the eye by its white line of foam, boiling through a bed of black rock, whence it vaults over a succession of rapids to the brink of the great fall, and is thence precipitated at a single bound of three hundred feet into the basin below, tossing its clouds of spray around, foaming and agitated as if its cauldron boiled over subterranean fires. And thus has it gushed these thousand years with a rapidity that has never paused, and has been received into a basin that has never presented but one aspect of foam and tempest. A small bridge spanning the torrent adds much to the picturesque effect, but detracts from the natural sublimity of the picture. A beautiful iris throws her arch across the fall, and numerous streamlets, rushing through the rocks in minute snowy and fantastic channels, catch the morning rays and sparkle in such prismatic hues so as to invest the whole picture with enchanting brilliancy.

W. BEATTIE

SALÈVE

SUDDENLY my head rose above the level of the fog into the clear air, and the heavens were shining, and Mont Blanc, with the whole illimitable range of snowy mountain-tops around him, was throwing back the sun. An ocean of mist, as smooth as a chalcedony, as soft and white as the down of the eider-duck's breast, lay over the

whole lower world; and as I rose above it and ascended the mountain to its overhanging verge, it seemed an infinite abyss of vapour, where only the mountain-tops were visible, on the Jura range like verdant wooded islands, on the Mont Blanc range as glittering surges and pyramids of ice and snow. A level sea of white mist in every direction as far as the eye could extend, with a continent of mighty icebergs on the one side floating in it, and on the other a forest promontory, with a slight undulating swell in the bosom of the sea, like the long smooth undulations of the ocean in a calm.

G. B. CHEEVER, 1845

CASCADE DES PÈLERINES

A TORRENT issues from the Glacier des Pèlerines, high up the mountain, and descends by a succession of leaps in a deep gorge from precipice to precipice, almost in one continual cataract. But it is all the while merely gathering force and preparing for its last magnificent deep plunge and recoil of beauty. Springing in one round, condensed column out of the gorge over a perpendicular cliff, it strikes at its fall, with its whole body of water, into a sort of vertical rock basin which one would suppose its prodigious velocity and weight would split into a thousand pieces; but the whole cataract, thus arrested at once, suddenly rebounds in a parabolic arch, at least sixty feet into the air, and then, having made

this splendid airy curvature, falls with great noise and beauty into the natural channel below.

G. B. CHEEVER, 1845

CASCADE BARBERINA

THE torrent of water comes down from the glaciers of the Buet, and makes a sudden and most terrific plunge sheer over the precipice into a black, jagged mountain gorge, which the ancients would have celebrated as one of the mouths of hell, with a mighty roar and crash that is almost stunning. On this side you stand upon a green knoll, a little grassy mountain of which the verdure is perpetually wetted by the spray, and, holding on by your staff, firmly thrust into the ground, or by a tree on the borders of the gorge, you may look down into the roaring depths, see the cataract strike, and admire the conflict of the waters. There are hanging masses of verdant forest on either side, but above, enormous snowclad mountains, out of which, from the mouth of a craggy gorge, bursts at once upon you the raging torrent. In a sunny day you would have rainbows arching the torn rocks glittering in the spray.

G. B. CHEEVER, 1845

THE TÊTE NOIRE

THERE is a combination of grand and beautiful elements in this pass, which it is very difficult to array in language, and the painter can transfer to

his canvas only little by little the wonders of the scene. Abrupt precipices, frowning at each other across the way, like black thunder-clouds about to meet; enormous crags overhanging you so far that you tremble to pass under them; savage cliffs looking down upon you and watching you on the other side, as if waiting to see the mountain fall upon you; a torrent thundering beneath you; masses of the richest verdure flung in wild drapery over the whole gorge; galleries hewn in the rock, by which you pass the angular perpendicular cliffs as in rocky hammocks swung in the air; villages suspended above you, and looking sometimes as if floating in the clouds; snowy mountain ridges far above these; clusters of châlets almost as far below you, with the tinkling of bells, the hum of voices, and the roar of the torrent fitfully sweeping up to you on the wind; these are the combinations presented to you in the Tête Noire. G. B. CHEEVER, 1845

ST. MAURICE

STILL by the Leman lake, for many a mile
Among those venerable trees I went,
Where damsels sit and weave their fishing-nets,
Singing some national song by the wayside.
But now the fly was gone, the gnat was come;
Now glimmering lights from cottage windows broke.
'Twas dusk; and journeying upward by the Rhone,
That there came down a torrent from the Alps,
I entered where a key unlocks a kingdom;
The road and river as they wind along

Filling the mountain pass. Here till a ray
Glanced through my lattice, and the household stir
Warned me to rise, to rise and to depart,
A stir unusual and accompanied
With many a tuning of rude instruments
And many a laugh that argued coming pleasure—
Mine host's fair daughter for the nuptial rite
And nuptial feast attiring—there I slept,
And in my dreams wandered once more, well pleased.
But now a charm was on the rocks, and woods,
And waters ; for methought I was with those
I had at morn and even wished for there.

SAMUEL ROGERS

MARTIGNY

THE evening at Martigny was transcendently beautiful, the weather being fine, the atmosphere wildly, spiritually bright, and the moon within one night of her fulness ; "the moon above the tops of the snow-shining mountains." We ascended the hill near Martigny to the picturesque old feudal tower by this moonlight, and rarely in my wanderings have I witnessed a scene to be compared with this. Looking down the valley, the outline is bounded by a snowy ridge of great beauty, but in the direction of the great St. Bernard mountains of dark verdure rise into the air like pyramidal black wedges cleaving the heavens. We are high above the village, and on one side can look down sheer into the roaring torrent, many hundred feet. It makes you dizzy to look. The ruins of the castle,

the verdure around it, the village below, the silence of night, the summer softness of the air, combined with an almost autumnal brightness, the mountains in their grandeur sleeping in such awful, such solemn repose; the distant landscape, so indistinctly beautiful, the white rays of the moon falling in such sheets of misty transparence over it, and the glittering snowy peaks which lift themselves before you like grey prophets of a thousand years—is there anything needed to make this one of the most magnificent scenes that we shall be likely to find in all Switzerland?

"A deep
And solemn harmony pervades
The hollow vale from steep to steep
And penetrates the glades."

G. B. CHEEVER, 1845

LA SAISIAZ

DARED and done: at last I stand upon the summit, Dear and True!
Singly dared and done; the climbing both of us were bound to do.
Petty feat and yet prodigious: every side my glance was bent
O'er the grandeur and the beauty lavished through the whole ascent.
Ledge by ledge, out broke new marvels, now minute and now immense:
Earth's most exquisite disclosure, heaven's own God in evidence!

. . . . . .

So we turned from the low grass-path you were
pleased to call "your own,"
Set our faces to the rose-bloom o'er the summit's
point of stone,
Where Salève obtains, from Jura and the sunken sun
she hides,
Due return of blushing "Good night," rosy as a
borne-off bride's,
For his masculine "Good morrow" when, with sun-
rise still in hold,
Gay he hails her, and, magnific, thrilled, her black
length burns to gold.
Up and up we went, how careless—nay, how joyous!
all was new,
All was strange. "Call progress toilsome? that
were just insulting you!
How the trees must temper noontide! Ah, the
thicket's sudden break!
What will be the morning glory, when at dusk thus
gleams the lake?
Light by light puts forth Geneva: what a land—
and, of the land,
Can there be a lovelier station than the spot where
now we stand?"

. . . . . .

Mazy Arve: whereon no vessel but goes sliding
white and plain,
Not a steamboat pants from harbour but one hears
pulsate amain,
Past the city's congregated peace of homes and pomp
of spires—

Man's mild protest that there's something more than Nature man requires,
And that useful as is Nature to attract the tourist's foot,
Quiet, slow, sure money-making proves the matter's very root—
Need for body—while the spirit also needs a comfort reached
By no help of lake or mountain, but the texts which Calvin preached.

ROBERT BROWNING

THE ARVE AT CLUSE

HAST thou no rest, O stream perplexed and pale!
That thus forget'st, in thine unhallowed rage,
The pureness of thy mountain parentage?
Unprofitable power! that dost assail
The shore thou should'st refresh, and weariest
The boughs thou shouldest water; whose unrest
Strews thy white whirl with leaves untimely frail.
Fierce river! to whose strength—whose avarice—
The rocks resist not, nor the vales suffice,
Cloven and wasted; fearfully I trace
Backward thy borders, image of my race!
Who, born, like thee, near heaven, have lost, like thee
Their hermitage of peace. Roll on, thus proud,
Impatient and pollute! I would not see
Thy force less fatal or thy path less free;
But I would cast upon thy waves the cloud

Of passions that are like thee, and baptize
  My spirit from its tumult at this gate
Of glory, that my lifted heart and eyes,
  Purged even by thee from things that desolate,
Or darken, may receive, divinely given,
  The radiance of that world where all is stilled
  In worship, and the sacred mountains build
Their brightness of stability in heaven.

J. RUSKIN

MONT BLANC AND CHAMONIX

MONT BLANC FROM THE TÊTE NOIRE

LOOKING back, we saw the breast and top of Mont Blanc through the dark descents of the mountains we had passed, like an urn of crystal. This vision of snow diminished as the precipices folded it in more and more, yet grew more and more ethereal, as the view was confined to the loftiest point, then wore the aspect of a white cloud floating over the black tops of our defile, and then was gone.

T. N. TALFOURD
Vacation Rambles

MONT BLANC

A DEEP rose-coloured light suffused the floating curtain of snow, some of whose vast fields descended to the glacier near me—not a glimpse for a moment—it rested—slowly retreated from the skirts of the mountain upward, and marked out the round small globe of white which forms its highest top, by lingering there for some minutes after the domes and pinnacles, which, from this point, seemed to equal or excel it in height, were left in cold grey twilight.

T. N. TALFOURD
Vacation Rambles

SUNSET ON THE GRANDS MULETS

ABOVE and around there was not a cloud—not a speck to dim the deepening azure of the sky, nor a fleecy breath of mist wafted or lingering about the towers or domes of the mountains. These glowed for a few minutes in deeper rose colour than that which appeared to clothe them at this hour from below; the summit, as usual, retained it last; and when it faded, it left them in the cold whiteness of the dawn. Thus far—with the grandeur above us—all passed in its usual procession of glory; but while I watched those receding tints, flocks of clouds arose below, and filled up the valley of Chamonix to the brim with tissues waving greyly, like floating shrouds. They were then seen creeping up within the folds of the valley beyond, till that assumed, as far as it was revealed, the same spectral veil—while the top of the Brevent, the Aiguille Varens, and the head of the Buet, stood out like islands in that solemn sea.

T. N. TALFOURD

Vacation Rambles

GLACIER DES BOSSONS

ITS first aspect was that of an immense white sheet, which might have been let down from heaven, puckered up and fastened at irregular heights to the rocks which bounded each side of the prospect, and floating down gracefully from its

fastenings. Towards the edges, indeed, when it came in contact with the rocks in which it is thus embedded, there appeared on a near approach, vast walls and columns and tables of ice, which sometimes looked as if they grew out of the rock; these were pierced by caverns of the purest white, sometimes draped with icicles and embossed with fantastic shapes; little chapels of exquisite tracery, in which altars were not wanting; recesses as beautiful in their dazzling fragility as the Cave of Fingal at Staffa, in the sculptured beauty of its roof and the sable majesty of its imperishable columns.

T. N. TALFOURD

Vacation Rambles

CHAMONIX IN WINTER

THE air was warm, and not a whisper disturbed its perfect repose. There was no moon, and the heavy clouds, which now quite overspread the heavens, cut off even the feeble light of the stars. The sound of the Arve, as it rushed through the deep valley to my left, came up to me through crags and trees with a sad murmur. Sometimes, on passing an obstacle, the sound was entirely cut off, and the consequent silence was solemn in the extreme. It was a churchyard stillness, and the tall black pines, which at intervals cast their superadded gloom upon the road, seemed like the hearse-plumes of a dead world. I reached a wooden hut, where a lame man offers batons, minerals, and *eau de vie* to travellers in the summer. It was forsaken, and

half-buried in the snow. . . . We passed some houses, the aspect of which was even more dismal than that of nature; their roofs were loaded with snow, and white buttresses were reared against the walls. There was no sound, no light, no voice of joy to indicate that it was the pleasant Christmas time. . . . As we ascended the valley, the stillness of the air was broken at intervals by wild storm-gusts, sent down against us from Mont Blanc himself. . . . Not far from Chamonix the road for some distance had been exposed to the full action of the wind, and the snow had practically erased it. . . . I staggered over four or five ridges in succession, sinking knee-deep, and finally found myself immersed up to the waist. This made me pause; I thought I must have lost the road, and vainly endeavoured to check myself by the positions of surrounding objects. I turned back and met the carriage; it had sunk in one of the ridges; one horse was down, his hind-legs buried to the haunches, his left fore-leg plunged to the shoulder in snow, and the right one thrown forward upon the surface. "C'est bien la route?" demanded my companion. I went back exploring, and assured myself that we were over the road; but I recommended him to release the horses and leave the carriage to its fate. He, however, succeeded in extricating the leader, and while I went on in advance, seeking out the firmer portions of the road, he followed, holding his horses by their heads, and half-an-hour's struggle of this kind brought us to Chamonix.

It also was a little "city of the dead." There was no living thing in the streets, and neither sound nor light in the houses. The fountain made a melancholy gurgle, one or two loosened window-shutters creaked harshly in the wind, and banged against the objects which limited their oscillations. The Hôtel de l'Union, so bright and gay in summer, was nailed up and forsaken ; and the cross in front of it, stretching its snow-laden arms into the dim air, was a type of desolation. We rang the bell at the Hôtel Royal, but the bay of a watch-dog resounding through the house was our only reply.

J. TYNDALL
Glaciers of the Alps

VAULT OF THE ARVEIRON

THE entrance to the vault was formed by an arch of ice which had detached itself from the general mass of the glacier behind ; between them was a space through which we could look to the sky above. Beyond this the cave narrowed, and we found ourselves steeped in the blue light of the ice. The roof of the inner arch was perforated at one place by a shaft above a yard wide, which ran vertically to the surface of the glacier. Water had run down the sides of this shaft, and, being refrozen below, formed a composite pillar of icicles at least twenty feet high and a yard thick, stretching quite from roof to floor. They were all united to a common surface at one side, but at the other they formed a series of flutings of exceeding beauty.

This group of columns was bent at its base as if it had yielded to the forward motion of the glacier, or to the weight of the arch overhead. Passing over a number of large ice-blocks which partially filled the interior of the vault, we reached its extremity, and here found a sloping passage with a perfect arch of crystal overhead, and leading by a steep gradient to the air above. The singular gallery was about seventy feet long, and was floored with snow. We crept up it, and from the summit descended by a glissade to the frontal part of the cavern. To me this crystal cave, with the blue light glistening from its walls, presented an aspect of magical beauty.

J. TYNDALL
Glaciers of the Alps

SUNRISE ON MONT BLANC

MONT Blanc and his wondrous staff of Aiguilles were without a cloud; eastward the sky was of a pale orange, which gradually shaded off to a kind of rosy violet, and this again blended by imperceptible degrees with the deep zenithal blue. The morning star was still shining to the right, and the moon also turned a pale face towards the rising day. The valley was full of music; from the adjacent woods issued a gush of song, while the sound of the Arve formed a suitable bass to the shriller melody of the birds. The mountain rose for a time cold and grand, with no apparent stain upon his snows. Suddenly the sunbeams struck

his crown and converted it into a boss of gold. For some time it remained the only gilded summit in view, holding communion with the dawn, while all the others waited in silence. These, in the order of their heights, came afterwards, relaxing, as the sunbeams struck each in succession, into a blush and a smile.

J. TYNDALL
Glaciers of the Alps

THE TOP OF MONT BLANC

THE clouds were very grand—grander, indeed, than anything I had ever before seen. Some of them seemed to hold thunder in their breast, they were so dense and dark; others, with their faces turned sunward, shone with the dazzling whiteness of the mountain snow; while others, again, built themselves into forms resembling gigantic elm trees loaded with foliage. Towards the horizon the luxury of colour added itself to the magnificent alternation of light and shade. Clear spaces of amber and ethereal green embraced the red and purple cumuli, and seemed to form the cradle in which they swung. Closer at hand squally mists, suddenly engendered, were driven hither and thither by local winds; while the clouds at a distance lay "like angels sleeping on the wing," with scarcely visible motion. Mingling with the clouds, and sometimes rising above them, were the highest mountain heads, and as our eyes wandered from peak to peak, onwards to the remote horizon, space

itself seemed more vast from the manner in which the objects which it held were distributed.

J. TYNDALL
Glaciers of the Alps

SUNSET ON MONT BLANC

THE day waned, and the sunbeams began to assume the colouring due to their passage through the horizontal air. The glorious light, ever deepening in colour, was poured bounteously over crags and snows and clouds, and suffused with gold and crimson the atmosphere itself. I had never seen anything grander than the sunset on that day. Clouds, with their central portions densely dark, denying all passage to the beams that smote them, floated westward, while the fiery fringes which bordered them were rendered doubly vivid by contrast with the adjacent gloom. The smaller and more attenuated clouds were intensely illuminated throughout. Across other inky masses were drawn zigzag bars of radiance which resembled streaks of lightning. The firmament between the clouds faded from a blood-red through orange and daffodil into an exquisite green, which spread like a sea of glory, through which those magnificent argosies slowly sailed. Some of the clouds were drawn in straight chords across the arch of heaven, these being doubtless the sections of layers of clouds whose horizontal dimensions were hidden from us. The cumuli around and near the sun himself could not be gazed upon, until, as the day declined, they gradu-

ally lost their effulgence and became tolerable to the eyes. All was calm—but there was a wildness in the sky like that of anger, which boded evil passions on the part of the atmosphere. The sun at length sank behind the hills, but for some time afterwards carmine clouds swung themselves on high and cast their ruddy shadows upon the mountain snows. Duskier and colder waxed the west, colder and sharper the breeze of evening upon the Grands Mulets, and as twilight deepened towards night, and the stars commenced to twinkle through the chilled air, we retired from the scene.

J. TYNDALL
Glaciers of the Alps

THROUGH THE WOODS

WE proceeded slowly upwards, through woods of pine, hung with fantastic lichens; escaping from the gloom of these, we emerged upon slopes of bosky underwood, green hazel and green larch, with the red berries of the mountain-ash shining brightly between them. Through the air above us, like gnomons of a vast dial, the Aiguilles cast their fan-like shadows, which moved round as the day advanced. Slopes of rhododendrons with withered flowers next succeeded, but the colouring of the bilberry leaves was scarcely less exquisite than the freshest bloom of the Alpine rose. For a long time we were in the cool shadow of the mountain, catching, at intervals, through the twigs in front of us, glimpses of the sun surrounded by

coloured spectra. On one occasion a brow rose in front of me; behind it was a lustrous space of heaven, adjacent to the sun, which, however, was hidden behind the brow; against this space the twigs and weeds upon the summit of the brow shone as if they were self-luminous, while some bits of thistle-down floating in the air appeared, where they crossed this portion of the heavens, like fragments of the sun himself. Once the orb appeared behind a rounded mass of snow which lay near the summit of the Aiguille du Midi. Looked at with the naked eyes, it seemed to possess a billowy motion, the light darting from it in dazzling curves — a subjective effect produced by the abnormal action of the intense light upon the eye. As the sun's disk came more into view—its rays, however, still grazing the summit of the mountain—interference-spectra darted from it on all sides, and surrounded it with a glory of richly coloured bars.

J. TYNDALL

Glaciers of the Alps

MONT BLANC

YONDER it rose, white and cloud-like, on the edge of the blue summer sky, the mighty snow-clad range, of which Mont Blanc was but a detail—the grand, inaccessible region; mountain-top beyond mountain-top, peak above peak, everlasting, untrodden hills, producing nothing, pasturing nothing, stupendous and ghastly as the polar seas; a world apart from all other worlds; a revelation to awe the

the dullest soul and thrill the coldest heart, a revelation of Nature's Titanic beauty.

M. E. BRADDON
Asphodel

MER DE GLACE

FROM the bosom of the tumbling sea of ice, enormous granite needles shoot into the sky, objects of singular sublimity—one of them rising to the great height of thirteen thousand feet. This amazing pinnacle of rock looks like the spire of an interminable, colossal cathedral, with other pinnacles round it. No snow can cling to the summits of these jagged spires; the lightning does not splinter them; the tempests rave around them; and at their base those eternal drifting ranges of snow are formed that sweep down into the frozen sea and feed the perpetual, immeasurable masses of the glacier.

G. B. CHEEVER, 1845

CHAMONIX AT SUNRISE

OUT of the deep shade of the silent fir grove,
Trembling, I survey thee, mountain-head of eternity,
Dazzling, blinding summit, from whose vast height
My dimly perceiving spirit floats into the everlasting.

Who sank the pillar deep in the lap of earth,
Which for past centuries props thy mass up?
Who uptowered high in the vault of ether,
Brightly and bold, thy beaming countenance?

Who poured you from on high, out of eternal
winter's realm,
O jagged streams, downward with thunder voice ?
And who bade aloud, with His almighty voice,
Here shall rest the stiffening billows ?

Who marks out there a path for the morning star ?
Who wreathes with blossoms the skirt of eternal
frost ?
To whom, wild Arveiron, in terrible harmonies,
Rolls up the sound of thy tumult of billows ?

Jehovah ! Jehovah ! crashes in the bursting ice
Avalanche thunders roll it in the cleft downward,
Jehovah ! it rustles in the bright tree tops,
It whispers murmuring in the purling silver brooks.

From the German
Hymn on which Coleridge wrote his "Before Sunrise"

COL DE BALME

SUCH an instantaneous and extraordinary revelation of splendour we never dreamed of. The clouds had vanished, we could not tell where, and the whole illimitable vast of glory in this the heart of Switzerland's Alpine grandeurs was disclosed ; the snowy monarch of mountains, the huge glaciers, the jagged granite peaks, needles, and rough, enormous crags and ridges congregated, and shooting up in every direction, with the long beautiful vale of Chamonix visible from end to end, far beneath us, as still and shining as a

picture. Just over the longitudinal ridge of mountains on one side was the moon in an infinite depth of ether; it seemed as if we could touch it; and on the other the sun was exulting as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber. The clouds still sweeping past us, now concealing, now partially vailing, and now revealing the view, added to its power by such sudden alternations. Far down the vale floated in mid-air beneath us a few fleeces of clouds, below and beyond which lay the valley, with its villages, meadows, and winding paths, and the river running through it like a silver thread. Slowly the mists congregated away beyond this scene, rolling masses upon masses, penetrated and turned into fleecy silver by the sunlight, the whole body of them gradually retreating over the barrier of the valley. . . . But the hour of most intense splendour in this day of glory was the rising of the clouds in Chamonix, as we could discern them like stripes of amber floating in an azure sea. They rested upon and floated over the successive glacier gorges of the mountain range on either hand, like so many islands of the blest, anchored in mid-heaven below us; or like so many radiant files of the white-robed heavenly host floating transversely across the valley.

G. B. CHEEVER, 1845

MONT BLANC FROM ITALY

THE splendour was simply blinding. A brilliant sun, a few fleecy clouds around the mountain, a clear transparent atmosphere, the valley invested with the richest verdure, range after range of mountains retreating behind one another, tints softening from shade to shade, the light mingling with, and as it were entering into, the green herbage and forming with it a soft, luminous composition, dim ridges of hazy light, and at the close of this perspective of magnificence, Mont Blanc, sheeted with snow and flashing like a type of the Celestial City.

G. B. CHEEVER, 1845

COL DE BALME

WE went up by a mountain pass not often crossed by ladies, called the Col de Balme, where your imagination may picture Kate and Georgy on mules for ten hours at a stretch, riding up and down the most frightful precipices. We returned by the pass of the Tête Noire, which Talfourd knows, and which is of a different character, but astonishingly fine too. Mont Blanc, another valley of Chamonix, and the Mer de Glace, and all the wonders of that most wonderful place, are above and beyond one's wildest expectations. I cannot imagine anything in nature more stupendous or sublime. If I were to write about it now, I should quite rave—such prodigious impres-

sions are rampant within me. . . . Going by that Col de Balme pass, you climb up and up and up for five hours and more, and look—from a mere unguarded ledge of path on the side of the precipice—into such awful valleys that at last you are firm in the belief that you have got above everything in the world, and that there can be nothing earthly overhead. Just as you arrive at this conclusion, a different air comes blowing on your face, you cross a ridge of snow, and lying before you (wholly unseen till then), towering up into the distant sky, is the vast range of Mont Blanc, with attendant mountains, diminished by its majestic side into mere dwarfs tapering up into rude Gothic pinnacles; deserts of ice and snow; forests of firs on mountain sides, of no account at all in the enormous scene; villages down in the hollow, that you can shut out with a finger; waterfalls, avalanches, pyramids, and towers of ice, torrents, bridges; mountain upon mountain, until the very sky is blocked away, and you must look up, overhead, to see it.

CHARLES DICKENS
Letters

MONT BLANC

OUR worship of other mountains was like the serving of false gods. There stood the one white Truth, dwarfing all else into insignificance—not a mere mountain, but a world of snow sailing moon-like in full sky. It was indeed as if the moon, gleaming white and bathed in radiance, had

come to pay earth a visit. Surely it would not stay; surely it was a secret that she had come, and we had found it out just when this great dark rock-door, through which we looked, opened by accident to show the sight. But if it were a secret, there was no fear that we would ever tell it, for it soared beyond words. . . . But . . . a new wonder came like a draught of tonic wine. Sunset, like King Midas's torch, turned the whole mountain to gold, so that it burned like a lamp to light the world, against a violet sky. In front was a low rampart of green mountain, down which poured a huge glacier like an arrested cataract. The frozen flood glimmered greenish blue and pale as the gleam of a glow-worm. The violet of the sky deepened to amethyst purple, and the snow on the waving line of mountains turned from gold to pink, as if there had been a sudden rain of rose-leaves.

For a long time lasted the changing play of jewelled lights, and then the magic colour was swallowed at a gulp by the descending night.

C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON
The Princess Passes

MONT BLANC

I LOVE to watch in silence till the sun
Sets; and Mont Blanc, arrayed in crimson and gold,
Flings his gigantic shadow o'er the lake;
That shadow, though it comes through pathless tracts,

Only less bright, less glorious than himself.
But, while we gaze, 'tis gone. And now he shines
Like burnished silver ; all, below, the Night.
Such moments are most precious. Yet there are
Others, that follow fast, more precious still ;
When once again he changes, once again
Clothing himself in grandeur all his own ;
When, like a ghost, shadowless, colourless,
He melts away into the Heaven of Heavens ;
Himself alone revealed, all lesser things
As though they were not and had never been.

SAMUEL ROGERS

MONT BLANC

FROM a bare ridge we also first beheld
Unveiled the summit of Mont Blanc, and grieved
To have a soulless image on the eye
That had usurped upon a living thought
That never more could be. The wondrous Vale
Of Chamonix stretched far below, and soon
With its dumb cataracts and streams of ice
A motionless array of mighty waves,
Five rivers broad and vast, made rich amends,
And reconciled us to realities ;
There small birds warble from the leafy trees,
The eagle soars deep in the element,
There doth the reaper bind the yellow sheaf,
The maiden spread the haycock in the sun,
While winter like a well-tamed lion walks,

Descending from the mountain to make sport
Among the cottages by beds of flowers.

W. WORDSWORTH
The Prelude, vi. 524–540

MONT BLANC

LAST, let us turn to Chamonix that shields
With rocks and gloomy woods her fertile fields;
Five streams of ice amid her cots descend,
And with wild flowers and blooming orchards blend;
A scene more fair than what the Grecian feigns
Of purple lights and ever vernal plains;
Here all the seasons revel hand in hand
'Mid lawns and shades by breezy rivulets fanned,
They sport beneath that mountain's matchless height
That holds no commerce with the summer night.
Homage to all, throughout his lonely bounds
The crash of ruin fitfully resounds;
Appalling havoc! but serene his brow,
Where daylight glitters on perpetual snow;
Glitter the stars above, and all is black below.

W. WORDSWORTH
Descriptive Sketches

MONT BLANC

I

THE everlasting universe of things
Flows through the mind, and rolls its rapid waves

Now dark—now glittering—now reflecting gloom—
Now lending splendour, where from secret springs
The source of human thought its tribute brings
Of waters—with a sound but half its own,
Such as a feeble brook will oft assume
In the wild woods, among the mountains lone,
Where waterfalls around it leap for ever,
Where woods and winds contend, and a vast river
Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves.

II

Thus thou, ravine of Arve—dark, deep ravine—
Thou many-coloured, many-voicèd vale,
Over whose pines, and crags, and caverns sail
Fast cloud-shadows and sunbeams : awful scene,
Where power in likeness of the Arve comes down
From the ice-gulfs that gird his secret throne,
Bursting through those dark mountains like the flame
Of lightning through the tempest ;—thou dost lie,
Thy giant brood of pines around thee clinging,
Children of elder time, in whose devotion
The chainless winds still come and ever came
To drink their odours, and their mighty swinging
To hear—an old and solemn harmony ;
Thine earthly rainbows stretched across the sweep
Of the ethereal waterfall, whose veil
Robes some unsculptured image ; the strange sleep
Which, when the voices of the desert fail,
Wraps all in its own deep eternity ;—
Thy caverns echoing to the Arve's commotion,
A loud, lone sound no other sound can tame ;

Thou art pervaded with that ceaseless motion,
Thou art the path of that unresting sound—
Dizzy ravine! and when I gaze on thee,
I seem as in a trance sublime and strange
To muse on my own separate fantasy,
My own, my human mind, which passively
Now renders and receives fast influencings,
Holding an unremitting interchange
With the clear universe of things around;
One legion of wild thoughts, whose wandering wings
Now float above thy darkness, and now rest
Where that or thou art no unbidden guest,
In the still cave of the witch Poesy,
Seeking among the shadows that pass by
Ghosts of all things that are, some shade of thee,
Some phantom, some faint image; till the breast
From which they fled recalls them, thou art there!

III

Some say that gleams of a remoter world
Visit the soul in sleep—that death is slumber,
And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber
Of those who wake and live.—I look on high;
Has some unknown omnipotence unfurled
The veil of life and death? or do I lie
In dream, and does the mightier world of sleep
Spread far around and inaccessibly
Its circles? For the very spirit fails,
Driven like a homeless cloud from steep to steep
That vanishes along the viewless gales!
Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,

Mont Blanc appears—still, snowy, and serene—
Its subject mountains their unearthly forms
Pile round it, ice and rock; broad vales between
Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,
Blue as the overhanging heavens that spread
And wind among the accumulated steeps;
A desert peopled by the storms alone,
Save when the eagle brings some hunter's bone,
And the wolf tracks her there—how hideously
Its shapes are heaped around! rude, bare, and high,
Ghastly, and scarred, and riven.—Is this the scene
Where the old Earthquake-dæmon taught his young
Ruin? Were these their toys? Or did a sea
Of fire envelop once this silent snow?
None can reply—all seems eternal now.
The wilderness has a mysterious tongue
Which teaches awful doubt or faith so mild,
So solemn, so serene that man may be,
But for such faith, with nature reconciled;
Thou hast a voice, great mountain, to repeal
Large codes of fraud and woe; not understood
By all, but which the wise, and great, and good
Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel.

IV

The fields, the lakes, the forests, and the streams,
Ocean, and all the living things that dwell
Within the dædal earth; lightning, and rain,
Earthquake, and fiery flood, and hurricane,
The torpor of the year when feeble dreams
Visit the hidden buds, or dreamless sleep
Holds every future leaf and flower; the bound

With which from that detested trance they leap ;
The works and ways of man, their death and birth,
All that of him and all that his may be ;
All things that move and breathe with toil and sound
Are born and die ; revolve, subside, and swell.
Power dwells apart in its tranquillity,
Remote, serene, and inaccessible ;
And this, the naked countenance of earth,
On which I gaze, even these primæval mountains,
Teach the adverting mind. The glaciers creep
Like snakes that watch their prey, from their far fountains,
Slow rolling on ; there, many a precipice,
Frost and the sun, in scorn of mortal power,
Have piled ; dome, pyramid, and pinnacle,
A city of death, distinct with many a tower
And wall impregnable of beaming ice.
Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin
Is there, that from the boundaries of the sky
Rolls its perpetual stream ; vast pines are strewing
Its destined path, or in the mangled soil
Branchless and shattered stand ; the rocks, drawn down
From yon remotest waste, have overthrown
The limits of the dead and living world,
Never to be reclaimed. The dwelling place
Of insects, beasts, and birds becomes its spoil ;
Their food and their retreat for ever gone,
So much of life and joy is lost. The race
Of man flies far in dread ; his work and dwelling
Vanish, like smoke before the tempest's stream,

And their place is not known. Below, vast caves
Shine in the rushing torrents' restless gleam
Which from those secret chasms in tumult welling
Meet in the vale, and one majestic river,
The breath and blood of distant lands, for ever
Rolls its loud waters to the ocean waves,
Breathes its swift vapours to the circling air.

V

Mont Blanc yet gleams on high—the power is there
The still and solemn power of many sights,
And many sounds, and much of life and death,
In the calm darkness of the moonless nights,
In the lone glare of day, the snows descend
Upon that mountain ; none beholds them there,
Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking sun,
Or the star-beams dart through them. Winds contend
Silently there, and heap the snow with breath,
Rapid and strong, but silently! Its home
The voiceless lightning in these solitudes
Keeps innocently, and like the vapour broods
Over the snow. The secret strength of things
Which governs thought, and to the infinite dome
Of heaven is as a law, inhabits thee!
And what were thou, and earth, and stars, and sea
If to the human mind's imaginings
Silence and solitude were vacancy?

P. B. SHELLEY

FROM MANFRED

MONT Blanc is the monarch of mountains ;
They crown'd him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.
Around his waist are forests braced,
The avalanche in his hand ;
But ere it fall, that thundering ball
Must pause for my command.
The glacier's cold and restless mass
Moves onward day by day ;
But I am he who bids it pass,
Or with its ice delay.
I am the spirit of the place,
Could make the mountain bow
And quiver to his caverned base—
And what with me wouldst thou ?

BYRON

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMONIX

BESIDES the Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides ; and within a few paces of the glaciers the *gentiana major* grows in immense numbers with its "flowers of loveliest blue."

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course ? So long he seems to pause

On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc ?
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful form !
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines
How silently ! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass : methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge ! But when I look again
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity !
O dread and silent mount ! I gazed on thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought : entranced in prayer
I worshipp'd the invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy,
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfixed,
Into the mighty vision passing, there
As in her natural form, swell'd vast to heaven !
Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise
Thou owest ! not alone those swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy ! Awake
Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart, awake !
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale !
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,

Or when they climb the sky or when they sink :
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald ! wake, oh, wake, and utter praise !
Who sank thy countless pillars deep in earth ?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns, called you forth
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever ?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen and have rest ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge.
Motionless torrents ! Silent cataracts !
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?
God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !
God ! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voices !

Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God.

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou, too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me.—Rise, oh, ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth,
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

S. T. COLERIDGE

MONT BLANC

THOU monarch of the upper air,
Thou mighty temple given
For morning's earliest of light,
And evening's last of heaven.
The vapour from the marsh, the smoke
From crowded cities sent,
Are purified before they reach
Thy loftier element.
Thy hues are not of earth, but heaven ;
Only the sunset rose
Hath leave to fling a crimson dye
Upon thy stainless snows.

Now out on those adventurers
Who scaled thy breathless height,
And made thy pinnacle, Mont Blanc,
A thing for common sight.
Before that human step had left
Its sully on thy brow,
The glory of thy forehead made
A shrine to those below :
Men gazed upon thee as a star,
And turned to earth again
With dreams like thine own floating clouds,
The vague but not the vain.
No feelings are less vain than those
That bear the mind away
Till, blent with nature's mysteries,
It half forgets its clay.

It catches loftier compulses ;
And owns a nobler power ;—
The poet and philosopher
Are born of such an hour.

But now where may we seek a place
For any spirit's dream ?
Our steps have been o'er every soil,
Our sails o'er every stream ;
Those isles, the beautiful Azores,
The fortunate, the fair !
We looked for their perpetual spring
To find it was not there ;
Bright El Dorado, land of gold,
We have so sought for thee,
There's not a spot in all the globe
Where such a land can be.

How pleasant were the wild beliefs
That dwelt in legends old !
Alas ! to our posterity
Will no such tales be told.
We know too much, scroll after scroll
Weighs down our weary shelves ;
Our only point of ignorance
Is centred in ourselves.
Alas ! for thy past mystery,
For thine untrodden snow,
Nurse of the tempest, hast thou none
To guard thy outraged brow !
Thy summit, once the unapproached,

Hath human presence owned,
With the first upon thy crest,
Mont Blanc, thou wert dethroned.

L. E. MACLEAN

A WALK IN CHAMONIX

TOGETHER on the valley, white and sweet,
The dew and silence of the morning lay :
Only the tread of my disturbing feet
Did break, with printed shade and patient beat,
The crispèd stillness of the meadow way ;
And frequent mountain waters, welling up
In crystal gloom beneath some mouldering stone
Curdled in many a flower-enamelled cup,
Whose soft and purple border, scarcely blown,
Budded beneath their touch and trembled to their tone.

The fringèd branches of the swinging pines
Closed o'er my path ; a darkness in the sky,
That barred its dappled vault with rugged lines,
And silver network—interwoven signs
Of dateless age and deathless infancy ;
Then through their isles a motion and a brightness
Kindled and shook—the weight of shade they bore
On their broad arms was lifted by the lightness
Of a soft, shuddering wind, and what they wore
Of jewelled dew, was strewed about the forest floor.

That thrill of gushing wind and glittering rain
Onward amid the woodland hollows went ;

And bade by turns the drooping bows complain
O'er the brown earth, that drank in lightless stain
The beauty of their burning ornament ;
And then the roar of an enormous river
Came on the intermittent air uplifted ;
Broken with haste, I saw its sharp waves shiver,
And its wild weight in white disorder drifted
Where by its beaten shore the rocks lay heaped and rifted.

But yet unshattered, from an azure arch
Came forth the nodding waters, wave by wave,
In silver lines of modulated march,
Through a broad desert, which the frost-winds parch
Like fire, and the resounding ice-falls pave
With pallid ruin—wastes of rock—that share
Earth's calm and ocean's fruitlessness. Undone
The work of ages lies—through whose despair
Their swift procession dancing in the sun
The white and whirling waves pass mocking one by one.

And with their voice—unquiet melody—
Is filled the hollow of their mighty portal,
As shells are with remembrance of the sea ;
So might the eternal arch of Eden be
With angel's wail for those whose crowns immortal
The grave-dust dimmed in passing. There are here,
With azure wings and scimitars of fire,
Forms as of heaven, to guard the gate, and rear
Their burning arms afar—a boundless choir
Beneath the sacred shafts of many a mountain spire.

Countless as clouds, dome, prism, and pyramid
Pierced throught the mist of morning scarce withdrawn,
Signing the gloom like beacon-fires, half hid
By storm—part quenched with billows—or forbid
Their function by the fulness of the dawn :
And melting mists and threads of purple rain
Fretted the fair sky where the east was red,
Gliding like ghosts along the voiceless plain,
In rainbow hues around its coldness shed
Like thoughts of loving hearts that haunt about the dead.

And over these, as pure as if the breath
Of God had called them newly into light,
Free from all stamp of sin, or shade of death,
With which the old creation travaileth,
Rose the white mountains, through the infinite
Of the calm, concave heaven ; inly bright,
With lustre everlasting and intense ;
Serene and universal as the night,
But yet more solemn with pervading sense
Of the deep stillness of Omnipotence.

Deep stillness ! for the throbs of human thought
Count not the lonely night that pauses here ;
And the white arch of morning findeth not,
By chasm or alp, a spirit, or a spot,
Its call can waken or its beams can cheer ;
There are no eyes to watch, no lips to meet
Its messages with prayer—no matin bell
Touches the delicate air with summons sweet :—

That smoke was of the avalanche ; that knell
Came from a tower of ice that into fragments fell.

Ah ! why should that be comfortless—why cold
  Which is so near to heaven ? The lowly earth,
Out of the blackness of its charnel mould,
Feeds its fresh life, and lights its banks with gold ;
  But these proud summits, in eternal dearth,
  Whose solitudes no mourning know, nor mirth,
Rise passionless and pure, but all unblest :
  Corruption—must it root the brightest birth ?
And is the life that bears its fruitage best
One neither of supremacy nor rest ? J. RUSKIN

MONT BLANC REVISITED

OH, mount beloved, mine eyes again
  Behold the twilight's sanguine stain
  Along thy peaks expire.
Oh, mount beloved, thy frontier waste
I seek with a religious haste
  And reverent desire.

They meet me, 'midst thy shadows cold,
Such thoughts as holy men of old
  Amid the desert found :
Such gladness, as in Him they felt,
Who with them through the darkness dwelt
  And compassed all around.

Oh ! happy, if His will were so,
To give me manna here for snow,
  And, by the torrent side,

To lead me, as He leads His flocks
Of wild deer, through the lonely rocks
In peace, unterrified ;

Since, from the things that trustful rest—
The partridge on her purple nest,
The marmot in his den—
God wins a worship more resigned,
A purer praise than He can find
Upon the lips of men.

Alas for man ! who hath no sense
Of gratefulness nor confidence,
But still rejects and raves ;
That all God's love can hardly win
One soul from taking pride in sin,
And pleasure over graves.

But teach me, God, a milder thought,
Lest I, of all Thy blood has bought,
Least honourable be :
And this, that moves me to condemn,
Be rather want of love for them
Than jealousy for Thee.

J. RUSKIN

MONT BLANC

HE who looks upward from the vale by night,
When the clouds vanish and the winds are stayed,
For ever finds, in heaven's serenest height,
A space that hath no stars—a mighty shade—

A vacant form, immovably displayed
Steep in the unstable vault. The planets droop
Behind it; the fleece-laden moonbeams fade;
The midnight constellations, troop by troop,
Depart and leave it with the dawn alone;
Uncomprehended yet, and hardly known
For finite, but by what it takes away
Of the east's purple deepening into day.
Still, for a time, it keeps its awful rest,
Cold as the prophet's pile on Carmel's crest:
Then falls the fire of God. Far off or near,
Earth and the sea, wide worshipping, descry
That burning altar in the morning sky;
And the strong pines their utmost ridges rear,
Moved like a host, in angel-guided fear
And sudden faith. So stands the Providence
Of God around us; mystery of Love!
Obscure, unchanging, darkness and defence—
Impenetrable and unmoved above
The valley of our watch; but which shall be
The light of heaven hereafter, when the strife
Of wandering stars, that rules this night of life
Dies in the dawning of Eternity.

J. RUSKIN

THE VALAIS

THE ZMUTT GLACIER

HIGHER up, the ice opens into broad white fields and furrows, hard and dry, scarcely fissured at all, except just under the Cervin, and forming a silent and solemn causeway, paved, as it seems, with white marble, from side to side; broad enough for the march of an army in line of battle, but quiet as a street of tombs in a buried city, and bordered on each hand by ghostly cliffs of that faint granite purple, which seems, in its far-away height, as unsubstantial as the dark blue that bounds it—the whole scene so changeless and soundless; so removed, not merely from the presence of men, but even from their thoughts; so destitute of all life of tree or herb, and so immeasurable in its lonely brightness of majestic death, that it looks like a world from which not only the human, but the spiritual, presences had perished, and the last of its archangels, building the great mountains for the monuments, had laid themselves down in the sunlight to an eternal rest, each in his white shroud.

JOHN RUSKIN
Modern Painters

THE Rhone valley tame! The Rhone valley monotonous! It was poetry ready for the pen of Shelley, and a scene for the brush of Turner.

The little towns sleeping on the shoulders of mountains, or rising turreted from hardy rocks, bathed by the golden river; the peeps up cool lateral valleys to blue glaciers; the near green slopes and distant waving seas of snowy splendour—left a series of pictures in the mind; and best of all was Martigny's tower, pointing a slender finger skyward from its high hill.

C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON
The Princess Passes

VALAIS

FANCY hath flung for me an airy bridge
Across thy long, deep valley, furious Rhone!
Arch, that here rests upon the granite ridge
Of Monte Rosa—there on frailer stone
Of secondary birth—the Jungfrau's cone;
And from that arch, down look on the vale,
The aspect I behold of every zone:
A sea of foliage tossing with the gale,
Blithe autumn's purple crown and winter's icy mail.

W. WORDSWORTH

VIEW FROM THE GORNERGRAT

LOOKING towards the origin of the Gorner glacier, the view was bounded by a wide col, upon which stood two lovely rounded eminences, enamelled with snow of perfect purity. They shone like burnished silver in the sunlight, as if their surfaces had been melted and recongealed to posted mirrors from which the rays were flung. To the

right of these were the bounding crags of Monte Rosa, and then the body of the mountain itself, with its crest of crag and coat of snows. To the right of Monte Rosa, and almost rivalling it in height, was the vast mass of the Lyskamm, a rough and craggy mountain, to whose ledges clings the snow which cannot grasp its steeper walls, sometimes leaning over them in impending precipices, which often break and send wild avalanches into the space below. Between the Lyskamm and Monte Rosa lies a large wide valley, into which both mountains pour their snows, forming there the western glacier of Monte Rosa—a noble ice stream, which, from its magnitude and permanence, deserves to impose its name upon the trunk glacier. It extends downwards from the col which unites the two mountains; riven and broken at some places, but at others stretching, white and pure, down to its snow-line, where the true glacier emerges from the *névé*. From the rounded shoulders of the Twin Castor a glacier descends, at first white and shining, then suddenly broken into faults, fissures, and precipices, which are afterwards repaired, and the glacier joins that of Monte Rosa before the junction of the latter with the trunk stream. J. TYNDALL

Glaciers of the Alps

SUNSET ON THE CERVIN

THE sun was near the western horizon, and I remained alone upon the Grat to see his last beams illuminate the mountains, which, with

one exception, were without a trace of cloud. This exception was the Matterhorn, the appearance of which was very instructive. The obelisk appeared to be divided in two halves by a vertical line drawn from its summit half-way down, to the windward of which we had the bare cliffs of the mountain, and to the left of it a cloud which appeared to cling tenaciously to the rocks. In reality, however, there was no clinging; the condensed vapour incessantly got away, but it was ever renewed, and thus a river of cloud had been sent from the mountain over the valley of Aosta. The wind, in fact, blew lightly up the valley of St. Nicholas, charged with moisture, and when the air that held it rubbed against the cold cone of the Matterhorn, the vapour was chilled and precipitated in his lee. The summit seemed to smoke sometimes like a burning mountain; for, immediately after its generation, the fog was drawn away in long filaments by the wind. As the sun sank lower the ruddiness of his light augmented, until these filaments resembled streamers of flame. The sun sank deeper, the light was gradually withdrawn, and where it had entirely vanished it left the mountain like a desolate old man whose

> "Hoary hair
> Streamed like a meteor in the troubled air."

For a moment after the sun had disappeared the scene was amazingly grand. The distant west was ruddy, copious grey smoke-wreaths were

wafted from the mountains, while high overhead, in an atmospheric region which seemed perfectly motionless, floated a broad, thin cloud, dyed with the richest iridescences. The colours were of the same character as those which I had seen upon the Aletschorn, being due to interference, and in point of splendour and variety far exceeded anything ever produced by the mere coloured light of the setting sun.

J. TYNDALL
Glaciers of the Alps

ALONE ON THE SUMMIT OF MONTE ROSA

A WORLD of clouds and mountains lay beneath me. Switzerland, with its pomp of summits, was clear and grand; Italy was also grand, but more than half obscured. Dark cumulus and dark crag vied in savagery, while at other places white snows and white clouds held equal rivalry. The scooped valleys of Monte Rosa itself were magnificent, all gleaming in the bright sunlight—tossed and torn at intervals, and sending from their rents and walls the magical blue of the ice. Ponderous *névés* lay upon the mountains, apparently motionless, but suggesting motion—sluggish, but indicating irresistible dynamic energy, which moved them slowly to their doom in the warmer valleys below. I thought of my position: it was the first time that a man had stood alone upon that wild peak; and were the imagination let loose amid the

surrounding agencies, and permitted to dwell upon the perils which separated the climber from his kind, I dare say curious feelings might have been engendered. But I was prompt to quell all thoughts which might lessen my strength or interfere with the calm application of it. Once, indeed, an accident made me shudder. While taking the cork from a bottle which is deposited on the top, and which contains the names of those who have ascended the mountain, my axe slipped out of my hand and slid some thirty feet away from me. The thought of losing it made my flesh creep, for without it descent would be utterly impossible. I regained it, and looked upon it with an affection which might be bestowed upon a living thing, for it was literally my staff of life under the circumstances. One look more over the cloud-capped mountains of Italy, and I then turned my back upon them and commenced the descent.

J. TYNDALL
Glaciers of the Alps

SAAS FÉE

ASCENDING the mountain by a well-beaten path, we passed a number of "Calvaries" filled with tattered saints and Virgins, and soon came upon the rim of a flattened bowl quite clasped by the mountains. In its centre was the little hamlet of Fée, round which were fresh green pastures, and beyond it the perpetual ice and snow. It was exceedingly picturesque—a

scene of human beauty and industry where savagery alone was to be expected. The basin had been scooped by glaciers, and, as we paused at its entrance, the rounded and fluted rocks were beneath our feet. The Alphubel and the Mischabel raised their crowns to heaven in front of us ; the newly fallen snow clung where it could to the precipitous crags of the Mischabel, but on the summits it was the sport of the wind. Sometimes it was borne straight upwards in long vertical striæ ; sometimes the fibrous columns swayed to the right, sometimes to the left ; sometimes the motion on one of the summits would quite subside ; anon the white peak would appear suddenly to shake itself to dust, where it yielded freely to the wind. I could see the wafted snow gradually melt away and again curdle up into true white cloud by precipitation ; this in its turn would be pulled asunder like carded wool and reduced a second time to transparent vapour.

J. TYNDALL
Glaciers of the Alps

EARLY CLIMB ON THE MATTERHORN

TURN to the east and watch the sun's slanting rays coming across the Monte Rosa snowfields. Look at the shadowed parts, and see how even they—radiant with reflected light—are more brilliant than man knows how to depict. See how even there, the gentle undulations give shadows

within shadows; and how yet again, where falling stones or ice have left a track, there are shadows upon shadows, each with a light and a dark side, with infinite gradations of matchless tenderness. Then note the sunlight as it steals noiselessly along and reveals countless unsuspected forms—the delicate ripple lines which mark the concealed crevasse and the waves of drifted snow; producing each minute more light and fresh shadows; sparkling on the edges and glittering on the ends of the icicles; shining on the heights and illuminating the depths until all is aglow, and the dazzled eye returns for relief to the sombre crags.

EDWARD WHYMPER
Scrambles amongst the Alps

VIEWS FROM SUMMITS

THOSE who would, but cannot, stand upon the highest Alps, may console themselves with the knowledge that they do not usually yield the views that make the strongest and permanent impressions. Marvellous some of the panoramas seen from the greatest peaks undoubtedly are; but they are necessarily without those isolated and central points which are so valuable pictorially. The eye roams over a multitude of objects (each, perhaps, grand individually) and, distracted by an embarrassment of riches, wanders from one to another, erasing by the contemplation of the next the effect that was produced by the last; and when those happy moments are over, which always fly with too great

rapidity, the summit is left with an impression that is seldom durable, because it is usually vague.

No views create such lasting impressions as those which are seen but for a moment, when a veil of mist is rent in twain and a single spire or dome is disclosed. The peaks which are seen at these moments are not, perhaps, the greatest or the noblest, but the recollection of them outlives the memory of any panoramic view, because the picture, photographed by the eye, has time to dry, instead of being blurred, while yet wet, by contact with other impressions. . . . I think that the grandest and the most satisfactory standpoints for viewing mountain scenery are those which are sufficiently elevated to give a feeling of depth, as well as of height, which are lofty enough to exhibit wide and varied views, but not so high as to sink everything to the level of the spectator.

EDWARD WHYMPER
Scrambles amongst the Alps

NIGHT ON THE POINTE D'ÉCRINS

THE mist that enveloped the glacier and surrounding peaks was becoming thinner; little bits of blue sky appeared here and there, until suddenly, when we were looking towards the head of the glacier, far, far above us, at an almost inconceivable height, in a tiny patch of blue, appeared a wonderful rocky pinnacle, bathed in the beams of the fast-sinking sun. We were so electrified by the glory of the sight that it was some seconds

before we realized what we saw, and understood that that astounding point, removed apparently miles from the earth, was one of the highest summits of les Écrins; and that we hoped, before another sun had set, to have stood upon an even loftier pinnacle. The mists rose and fell, presenting us with a series of dissolving views of ravishing grandeur, and finally died away, leaving the glacier and its mighty bounding precipices under an exquisite pale blue sky, free from a single speck of cloud.

A. W. MOORE

STORM ON THE MOMING GLACIER

BIG black and leaden-coloured clouds rolled up from Zinal, and met in combat on the Moming glacier with others which descended from the Rothhorn. Down came the rain in torrents and crash went the thunder. The herd-boys hurried under shelter, for the frightened cattle needed no driving, and tore spontaneously down the alp as if running a steeplechase. Men, cows, pigs, sheep, and goats forgot their mutual animosities, and rushed to the only refuge on the mountain. The spell was broken which had bound the elements for some weeks past, and the cirque from the Weisshorn to Lo Besso was the theatre in which they spent their fury.

EDWARD WHYMPER

Scrambles amongst the Alps

GUIDES AND CLIMBERS

TWO dozen guides—good, bad, and indifferent, French, Swiss, and Italian—can commonly be seen sitting on the wall on the front of the Monte Rosa Hotel, waiting on their employers, and looking for employers, watching new arrivals and speculating on the number of francs which may be extracted from their pockets. The messieurs—sometimes strangely and wonderfully dressed—stand about in groups or lean back in chairs or lounge on the benches which are placed by the door. They wear extraordinary boots and still more remarkable head-dresses. Their peeled, blistered and swollen faces are worth studying. Some, by the exercise of watchfulness and unremitting care, have been fortunate enough to acquire a fine raw sienna complexion. But most of them have not been so happy. They have been scorched on rocks and roasted on glaciers. Their cheeks, first puffed and then cracked, have exuded a turpentine-like matter, which has coursed down their faces and has dried in patches, like the resin on the trunks of pines. They have removed it, and at the same time have pulled off large flakes of their skin. They have gone from bad to worse—their case has become hopeless—knives and scissors have been called into play ; tenderly and daintily, they have endeavoured to reduce their cheeks to one uniform hue. It is not to be done. But they have gone on, fascinated, and at last have brought their unhappy countenances

to a state of helpless and complete ruin. Their lips are cracked; their cheeks are swollen; their eyes are blood-shot; their noses are peeled and indescribable. Such are the pleasures of the mountaineer.

EDWARD WHYMPER
Scrambles amongst the Alps

THE FIRST MEN ON THE MATTERHORN

THE day was of those superlatively calm and clear ones which usually precede bad weather. The atmosphere was perfectly still, and free from all clouds or vapours. Mountains fifty—nay, a hundred—miles off, looked sharp and near. All their details—ridge and crag, snow and glacier—stood out with faultless definition. Pleasant thoughts of happy days in bygone years came up unbidden, as we recognized the old familiar forms. All were revealed, not one of the principal peaks of the Alps was hidden. I see them clearly now—the great inner circles of giants, backed by the ranges, chains, and *massifs*. First came the Dent Blanche, hoary and grand; the Gabelhorn and pointed Rothhorn, and then the peerless Weisshorn; the towering Mischabelhörner . . . then Monte Rosa, with its many spitzes, the Lyskamm and the Breithorn. Behind were the Bernese Oberland governed by the Finsteraarhorn, the Simplon and St. Gothard groups, the Diograzia and the Orteler. Towards the south

we looked to Chivasso, on the plains of Piedmont, and far beyond. The Viso, one hundred miles away, seemed close upon us; the Maritime Alps, one hundred and thirty miles distant, were free from haze. Then came my first love, the Pelvoux; the Ecrins and the Neije; the clusters of the Graians; and lastly, in the west, glowing in full sunlight, rose the monarch of all, Mont Blanc. Ten thousand feet beneath us were the green fields of Zermatt, dotted with châlets from which blue smoke rose lazily. Eight thousand feet below, on the other side, were the pastures of Breuil. There were forests black and gloomy, and meadows bright and lively; bounding waterfalls and tranquil lakes; fertile lands and snowy wastes; sunny plains and frigid plateaux. There were the most rugged forms and the most graceful outlines—bold, perpendicular cliffs and gentle, undulating slopes; rocky mountains and snowy mountains, sombre and solemn, or glittering and white, with walls, turrets, pinnacles, pyramids, domes, cones, and spires. There was every combination that the world can give, and every contrast that the heart could desire. We remained on the summit for one hour—

"One crowded hour of glorious life."

It passed away too quickly, and we began to prepare for the descent.

EDWARD WHYMPER

Scrambles amongst the Alps

LAST WORDS ON THE MATTERHORN

So the traditional inaccessibility of the Matterhorn was vanquished, and was replaced by legends of a more real character. Others will essay to scale its proud cliffs, but to none will it be the mountain that it was to its early explorers. Others may tread its summit snows, but none will ever know the feelings of those who first gazed upon its marvellous panorama; and none, I trust, will ever be compelled to tell of joy turned into grief and of laughter into mourning. It proved a stubborn foe; it resisted long, and gave many a hard blow; it was defeated at last with an ease that none could have anticipated, but like a relentless enemy—conquered but not crushed—it took terrible vengeance. The time may come when the Matterhorn shall have passed away, and nothing save a heap of shapeless fragments will mark the spot where the great mountain stood; for, atom by atom, inch by inch, and yard by yard, it yields to forces which nothing can withstand. That time is far distant; and ages hence generations unborn will gaze upon its awful precipices and wonder at its unique form. However exalted may be their ideas and however exaggerated their expectations, none will come to return disappointed.

EDWARD WHYMPER

Scrambles amongst the Alps

THE MATTERHORN

THE poetic brain has exhausted itself in efforts to find comparisons with living creatures, whereby to describe it. Best is Ruskin's choice of a rearing horse. Traces of the neck clothed with thunder, of a mane-fringed crest with cloud streamers for hair, even of the sharp, contrasting angle of the folded fore-leg, can be traced in the natural composition ; but it is rather the might and spirit of the thing—its combination of wildness, force, and grace —that give aptness to this fetch of similitude.

W. M. CONWAY
The Alps

MATTERHORN

I THINK that few Alpine peaks can create so sublime, so stern an impression as this does, when it is seen at certain hours, at sunrise or at sunset, when the walls of the valley that frame it are sunk in shadow, and the whole towering pyramid is wrapped about with light and seems to shine in glory. At such times we have before our eyes no reality, but an apparition. No other mountain is revealed in so personal a manner to our gaze ; we are tempted to expect to find that it has a countenance, like a man or a monster, to believe that head contains a conscious thought, to read upon its stony brow the expression of its pride and of its strength ; and if the clouds, chasing one another round it, assist the optical illusion ever so slightly

our fancy seems to see it move, bending its head in sorrow, or raising it with a Titan's pride, and we think with terror what its power would be if it moved indeed. GUIDO REY

THE MATTERHORN

LET me ask leave to pay a tribute of respect and admiration to the once desired Matterhorn, before his head has lost the last rays of a sun departing to gild loftier and more distant ranges, and before he is covered by the waters of oblivion.

F. C. GROVE, 1868

THE beautiful pyramid of the Cervin, more wonderful than all else in sight, rising from its bed of ice to a height of five thousand feet, a spectacle of indescribable grandeur. In this immense natural amphitheatre, enclosed from time immemorial by snow-clad mountains and glaciers ever white, in the presence of these grand walls the mind is overwhelmed ; not, indeed, that it is unable to contemplate the scene, but it staggers under the immensity of those objects which it contemplates.

W. BROCKEDON, 1825

IT is impossible for words to convey any idea of the immensity of this pyramid, regular and symmetrical in form, as if it had been designed by an architect, and rising to a prodigious height above the glacier on which it rests. LORD MINTO

IT is a fragment of some size; a group of broken walls, one of them overhanging; crowned with a cornice, nodding some hundred and fifty feet over its massive flank, three thousand above its glacier base, and fourteen thousand above the sea—a wall truly of some majesty, at once the most precipitous and the strongest mass in the whole chain of the Alps, the Mont Cervin. J. RUSKIN

THE MATTERHORN

THE Cervin is just a pyramid—a simple pyramid. There are hundreds of these in the Alps; but this is the giant pyramid, unique in the boldness of its form, the hugeness of its bulk, the pride of its isolation. As a rule these royal summits are girt about and, as it were, defended by powerful buttresses: they are surrounded by bastions, encircled with fosses, hidden behind strong walls; the climber who attains their foot has already won a victory. The Cervin, on the contrary, rises up, an isolated mass above a glacial plateau; around it are no bastions, no walls; pedestrians who find themselves during fine summer weather at the Lac Noir or on the Hörnli, can if they wish come quite close to its base and touch its first rocks. For a league round about the peaks are abashed and give place to it, the glaciers stretch in vast plains, scarcely crossed by humble *arêtes* which come creeping along to unite at the foot of the colossus.

Naked, sombre, wild, it rises in kingly majesty. Space belongs to it, and its proud peak is lost in the dark azure.

EMILE JAVELLE
Alpine Memories

(*By kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin*)

SUNSET ON THE MATTERHORN

THE red rays of the setting sun struck the wall across our little window. We left the hut, for it was the first intimation of a sublime spectacle. The great triangular shadow of the Cervin stretched itself before us across the Furgg and the Théodule glaciers as far as the Gorner glacier. At our left the Zermatt valley already lay in a bluish obscurity; it seemed as if the night was emerging from these depths. A moment later and the whole amphitheatre of the snow-covered peaks shone with a divine glory. Two tints, graduated in a thousand delicate shades, alone shared this vast tableau. One was a soft and profound blue, the blue of the invading shadows; the other a pure and ethereal gold thrown out by the last rays of the sun. In the sky the two tints intermingling shed a splendid violet reflection on the zenith.

EMILE JAVELLE
Alpine Memories

(*By kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin*)

THE SCENE OF THE CATASTROPHE

SEATED on a narrow ridge, surrounded by precipices, and near the scene of one of the most tragic of Alpine accidents, we passed in silence one of those moments which refuse to be forgotten. Our final difficulties, the really dangerous parts, were yet to be overcome. It was a solemn moment for us. About one hundred metres higher, on a steep slope, which we were soon to mount, must have occurred the fall of the four unfortunates who were dashed to pieces during the first ascent. I tried to revisualise this dreadful drama. I did not succeed ; the abyss had resumed its eternal silence. To it what meant the fall of those four men, full of life, youth, and intelligence ? Only the least of the avalanches which furrow it in a season.

EMILE JAVELLE

Alpine Memories

(*By kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin*)

VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE MATTERHORN

ALL around the summit lay an immense and bottomless void, above which stood the ring of giants of the Valais, Monte Rosa and her proud rivals the Mischabel, the Weisshorn, the Rothhorn, the Dent Blanche, then all the Alps with their maze of gigantic ramifications, from the Viso group

to considerably beyond the Ortler, an innumerable army of glittering or sombre peaks, whose immense undulating column was lost in the azure at the two ends of the horizon. To the north extended the unbroken line of the Jura; then beyond, merging into the sky, the hills of France toward the Haute-Champagne or the Franche-Comté.

EMILE JAVELLE
Alpine Memories

(*By kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin*)

DENT DU MIDI FROM THE LAKE

THE sun sank on the horizon and began to shed an ashy light; the mountains of Savoy already projected large shadows. Soon the white scene around us was kindled by a magical light. The mast, the sails, our faces were tinged with purple; every billow reflected, as it trembled, the fires of the horizon; every wavelet became a flame. A sunset under the line could not have been finer. . . . Then the sun slowly sank behind the long line of the Jura, and the flaming waves were gradually extinguished. The magnificent spectacle had ceased, and we were thinking of regaining the shore when suddenly, as we turned round, our three voices uttered, as it were, one cry of surprise and admiration. It was caused by the Dent du Midi, which we had forgotten hitherto, and which, alone in the midst of the darkened mountains, received in its turn the last fires

of the sunset. Never had we seen a sight so beautiful. The eastern peak especially glowed with a glory that defied comparison. As a lovely woman for her lovers, she had prepared the place, the season, and the hour to appear to us in all the radiance of her beauty.

EMILE JAVELLE
Alpine Memories
(*By kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin*)

THE DENT DU MIDI

THERE are few summits which command such precipices. If on starting from the cross one follows the *arête* in the direction of the other peaks, he will come to several sloping slabs of rock overhanging the abyss. It is now necessary to lie down with upraised head ; it is impossible to restrain a movement of fright at the first aspect of these walls, these precipitous gorges bristling with tooth-like peaks. The effect is overpowering, especially a little later in the autumn, when a slight covering of fresh snow makes the smallest ledges conspicuous. In the early summer, on the contrary, only the larger projections retain the snow. There it is no longer merely inch-deep, but is distributed to a depth of four, five, even six feet with rounded contours, worked on by alternate processes of frost and thaw, which, in many places, have formed sparkling stalactites, pendent in the air. Then, in the beautiful May sun, however slight the wind may be, one must look for the overthrow of all these scaffoldings

of winter ! Audacious and tottering spires, cornices imprudently protruding from the abyss, heaps accumulated by chance on dizzy slopes, colossal lips pointing from *arêtes*, everything in turn crumbles or breaks or flies as dust into the air, the couloirs and the ravines. EMILE JAVELLE

Alpine Memories

(*By kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin*)

SUNSET ON THE DENT DU MIDI

ASSUREDLY the spectacle of the sun setting in the purple of the evening and embracing the distant mountains is not less sublime ; but it is one in which I trace an undercurrent of sadness, of melancholy, which constrains the soul and is almost provocative of tears. There is more human poetry in it, perhaps ; for it is at this moment that old memories, regrets, dreams of happiness come back in a flood ; but on the other hand, at the approach of dusk, even more than in the midst of the night, a vague uneasiness seizes the heart ; with one's whole being one longs to lay hold of this light, whose disappearance nothing can prevent. At morn a man is marching towards the day ; it is the hour of hope, of joyous and innocent song. At eve he is marching towards night ; it is the hour of melancholy dreams, of regrets for the past, of fears for the future. EMILE JAVELLE

Alpine Memories

(*By kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin*)

ZINAL

THE Val d'Anniviers, closed in at its mouth by impracticable gorges, and contracted throughout nearly its whole course, expands higher up and opens out in a spacious basin, in the bosom of magnificent glaciers, in the midst of a cincture of high mountains formed by the Weisshorn and Dent Blanche groups. Two mountains are specially conspicuous among those which hem in the end of the vale, and from the first they attract the gaze. One, the advance guard, is a great black peak which rises up from the valley itself, a rugged pyramid boldly piercing the highest heaven with two sharp horns. The other, placed farther back to its right, at the bottom of a basin of ice, and at the very centre of the tableau, is an immaculate and brilliant summit, whose snows trace on the sky a line of tender and supple inflections, a masterpiece of grace and beauty. The black peak is named Lo Besso; the white summit is the Pointe de Zinal. In the same degree that the former is sombre, haughty, and savage, the latter is pure, elegant, and mild in its whiteness and its noble contours. Nowhere would you find a more striking contrast; it reminds one of a beautiful virgin, guarded by a huge jealous monster.

EMILE JAVELLE

Alpine Memories

(*By kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin*)

CLOUDS ON THE WEISSHORN

THE whole sky was covered with a copper-coloured hue, significant of an approaching storm. In the midst of the floating clouds fantastic doors opened and shut continuously. Through these appeared, like spectres, hacked and savage peaks and glaciers shining with a vivid light. Here the Rothhorn, there the Grand Cornier, elsewhere the Dent Blanche, the Reinpfischhorn, the Lyskamm. For an instant the Cervin disclosed its colossal torso between two clouds, of which one concealed its head and shoulders. Then all these magic apparitions, one after another, vanished in the mist. In this chaos of moving and gigantic forms the mountains themselves seemed to shake and to float in space. EMILE JAVELLE

Alpine Memories

(*By kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin*)

FROM THE DENT D'HÉRENS

IT may easily be imagined that the panorama of the Dent d'Hérens is almost the same as that of the Cervin, but the foregrounds do not bear the slightest resemblance to one another. On the top of the Cervin the first feature of the prospect, except on the side of the Italian summit, is the abyss. Here, on the contrary, from east to west are dreadful tors and crumbling *arêtes*, and beyond, the Cervin itself, presenting its most frightful aspect.

Everything is lacerated rock and abysses. The sight of hell would be reassuring in comparison, and one cannot restrain a feeling of astonishment at having come here to lose himself in so horribly savage a world.

EMILE JAVELLE
Alpine Memories

(*By kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin*).

THE RHONE GLACIER

WE rose with the sun, refreshed and strong, and crossed the Grimsel Pass at an early hour. The view from the summit of the pass was lovely in the extreme; the sky a deep blue, the surrounding summits all enamelled with the newly fallen snow, which gleamed with dazzling whiteness in the sunlight. . . . From the summit of the Magenwand we looked down upon the Rhone glacier, and a noble object it seemed—I hardly know a finer of its kind in the Alps. Forcing itself through the narrow gorge which holds the ice cascade in its jaws, and where it is greatly riven and dislocated, it spreads out in the valley below in such a manner as clearly to reveal to the mind's eye the nature of the forces to which it is subjected. Longfellow's figure is quite correct; the glacier resembles a vast gauntlet, of which the gorge represents the wrist; while the lower glacier, cleft by its fissures into finger-like ridges, is typified by the hand.

J. TYNDALL
Glaciers of the Alps

ECHO, UPON THE GEMMI

WHAT beast of chase hath broken from the cover ?
Stern Gemmi listens to as full a cry,
As multitudinous a harmony
Of sounds as rang the heights of Catmos over,
When, from the soft couch of her sleeping lover
Upstarting, Cynthia skimmed the mountain dew
In keen pursuit—and gave, where'er she flew,
Impetuous motion to the stars above her.
A solitary wolf-dog ranging on
Through the bleak concave, wakes this wondrous chime
Of aerie voices locked in unison—
Faint—far-off—near—deep—solemn and sublime!—
So, from the body of one guilty deed,
A thousand ghostly fears and haunting thoughts proceed.

W. WORDSWORTH

THE GEMMI

THE moon rose about eight o'clock from behind the mountains. No language can describe the extraordinary effect of the light falling on the mighty perpendicular crags and ridges of the Gemmi on the other side, while the village of Leukabad itself remained in darkness. It appeared as if the face of this mountain was gradually lighting up from an inward pale fire, suffused in rich

radiance over it, for it was hours before we could see the moon, though we could see her vail of soft light resting upon those gigantic rock-ribbed barriers of nature.

. . . . . .

The Gemmi is in many respects the grandest and the most extraordinary pass in all Switzerland. If the builders of Babel had discovered this mountain, methinks they would have abandoned their work and set themselves to build a corkscrew gallery in the rock by which to reach heaven. . . . The ascent so perpendicular, yet by its zigzags so gradual, affords a constant change and enlargement of view. The little villages and baths of Leuk look like a parcel of children's toys. Now you see across the valley of the Dala, with its villages and mountains, clear down into the valley of the Simplon. Now the vast snowy range on the Italian side begins to be visible. Now you can distinctly count their summits; you may tell all their names, you gaze at them as a Chaldean shepherd at the beauty of the stars, you can follow their ranges from Monte Rosa and the Vélan even to the Grand St. Bernard, where the hoary giant keeps guard over the lovely Val d'Aoste and locks the kingdom of Italy.

G. B. CHEEVER

THE GEMMI

SUCH precipices are among the most impressive as well as the most really dangerous of mountain ranges; in many spots inaccessible with

safety either from below or from above; dark in colour, robed with everlasting mourning, for ever tottering like a great fortress shaken by war, fearful as much in their weakness as in their strength, and yet gathered after every fall into darker frowns and unfermiliated threatening; for ever incapable of comfort or of healing from herb or flower, nourishing no root in their crevices, touched by no hue of life on buttress or ledge, but to the utmost, desolate; knowing no shaking of leaves in the wind, nor of grass beside the stream—no motion but their own mortal shivering, the deathful crumbling of atom from atom in their corrupting stones; knowing no sound of living voice or loving tread, cheered neither by the kid's bleat nor the marmot's cry; haunted only by uninterrupted echoes from far off, wandering hither and thither among their walls, unable to escape, and by the hiss of angry torrents, and sometimes the shriek of a bird that flits near the face of them, and sweeps frightened back from under their shadow into the gulph of air; and sometimes, when the echo has fainted and the wind has carried the sound of the torrent away, and the bird has vanished, and the mouldering stones are still for a little time, a brown moth, opening and shutting its wings upon a grain of dust, may be the only thing that moves or feels in all the waste of weary precipice, darkening five thousand feet of the blue depth of heaven.

JOHN RUSKIN

Modern Painters

TO THE RIVER RHONE

THOU royal river, born of sun and shower,
In chambers purple with the Alpine glow,
Wrapped in the spotless ermine of the snow,
And rocked by tempests—at the appointed hour
Forth, like a steel-clad horseman from a tower,
With clang and clink of harness dost thou go
To meet thy vassal torrents, that below
Rush to receive thee and obey thy power.
And now thou movest in triumphal march,
A king among the rivers! On thy way
A hundred towns await and welcome thee;
Bridges uplift for thee the stately arch,
Vineyards encircle thee with garlands gay,
And fleets attend thy progress to the sea.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

THE GORGE OF THE DALA

ADVANCING a few steps in the direction of this gulf, and turning a natural bastion of the mountain, there comes sweeping down before you from above a gorge of overwhelming grandeur, overwhelming both by the surprise and the deep sublimity of the scene. You tremble to enter it, and stand fixed in silent awe and admiration. Below you is that fearful gulf plunging down in a sheer perpendicular of almost a thousand feet, while above you is a tremendous overhanging precipice of near an equal height, adown and across

the face of which runs a zigzag perilous gallery. Whole strata of this perpendicular face of the mountain seemed loosened above and ready to bury you in their fall, and the loose stones come thundering down, now and then, with the terror of an avalanche. . . . Towards the pass of the Gemmi the gorge is closed in by a vast ridge of frowning, castellated mountains, and still beyond that loftier snowy mountains are shining, such pyramids of pure snow that they seem as if they would fling the hues of sunset that flash upon them down into the farthest recesses of the valley as it darkens in the evening.

G. B. CHEEVER, 1845

MOUNTAINEER AND POET

THE simple goatherd between alp and sky,
Seeing his shadow, in that awful tryst,
Dilated to a giant's on the mist,
Esteems not his own stature larger by
The apparent image, but more patiently
Strikes his staff down beneath his clenching fist,
While the snow-mountains lift their amethyst
And sapphire crowns of splendour, far and nigh
Into the air around him. Learn from hence
Meek morals, all ye poets that pursue
Your way still onward up to eminence!
Ye are not great because creation drew
Large revelations round your earliest sense,
Nor bright because God's glory shines for you.

E. B. BROWNING

THE VALLEY OF THE RHONE

THE floor of this valley, flat as that of Chamonix, four or five miles in breadth, and full of pestilential marshes from the overflowing of the river, is not only uninteresting, but unpleasant; yet the huge mountain masses at its sides, sometimes affording through clefts and glens glimpses of snowy Alps, made amends for the nearer objects, and filled the thought. The Rhone itself entwines but, scarcely graces, the scene, for its colour is of that sickly hue which the melted snow imparts to all the mountain-born streams with which it largely mingles; and its shingly sides exhibit wastes of stones or poor dwarfish bushes, which were powdered with dust and withering in the sun. The remains of old feudal times are, however, richly scattered on the lower eminences which border this valley; five outlines of castellated ruins peep out from its upward-tending glens or peer over its rocky pedestals, until at Sien, a close-built, sweltering Swiss capital, they appeared in perplexing majesty—no less than three castles, occupying grand sites, being at once visible.

T. N. TALFOURD

Vacation Rambles

COLOUR OF SWITZERLAND

THERE is no country in the world quite like Switzerland, with its glittering fields of snow and its magnificent stretches of green, changing constantly in aspect at all times of the day. Fancy

Monte Rosa at daybreak with the yellow-flushed sky deepening into pink and then changing into blue, until one sees a glistening ridge of mountains far ahead, with the sun blazing down on them so dazzlingly that one's eyes can scarcely bear the brilliant vision. What I have noticed especially about Switzerland is that one gets such clear limpid colouring; in the extreme distance there are pearly greys and greens and rose tones, but in the foreground the colours are rich, dark greens and dark browns. The timber looks like burnished gold, and sometimes towards sunset the natural wood of the houses has appeared so brilliant, that I have actually gone up close, and peered right into them, to see if they were not made of metal. The colour changes are very violent, from wet to sun, from storm to calm.

D. MEMPES

PASSES

THE VIA MALA

AT the entrance of this amazing chasm, I observed on a green knoll, but pillared on a rock four or five hundred feet high, forms which seemed to me like gravestones and crosses . . . alas . . . nearer inspection convinced me that the dark spots on the vivid green were not tombs, but ruins, said to be fragments of a castle built almost three hundred years before our era by Rhætus, the Tuscan Columbus of the vale. To attempt a description of the road, which for four miles is carried upwards through the cleft—first on one side, then cast by an airy bridge to the other—then in like manner shifted and so tossed back again—thousands of feet beneath the open air of the free mountain-top, and half as far above the glistening Rhine below, sometimes pierced through the blasted rock, sometimes ledged along it, the steeple-like firs on whose tops you look down far below as on dots of moss, or which, bristling on the opposite bank of the chasm, almost hang over to your touch—the airy elegance of the bridges that span the deep — the faint roar and terrible glimmer of the stream below—were worse than idle.

T. N. TALFOURD

Vacation Rambles

DESCENT OF THE REUSS

STILL we descended; the river sometimes sank many hundred feet below us, so that we could only trace its course by the black waving line of its sunken rocks; sometimes it rushed by our side; three great rounded mountains appeared in front of the basin into which we seemed tending; those on our sides rose up to great heights, indicated occasionally by a touch of white; and the effect of the scenery became more and more oppressive. There was beauty in detail—sometimes exquisite beauty—in the dingles among which the river often fell; in the flowery pastures that swept down to the dark pillars of its channel; in round clumps of trees, among wastes of stones like islands; but my mind could not rest on these in the presence of the black and grey masses, which prevailed in the contest between beauty and terror. At last, when we had nearly reached the level, when the mountains had threatened to imprison us, the road made a sudden turn, and all was changed as in the shifting of a scene; for before us lay a bright open plain, variegated with orchards, corn-fields, and cottages, through which our river wound, but serene, broad, deep, and home-featured almost as our own rural Thames.

T. N. TALFOURD

Vacation Rambles

THE GREAT ST. BERNARD

NIGHT was again descending when my mule,
That all day long had climbed among the clouds
Higher and higher still, as by a stair
Let down from heaven itself, transporting me
Stopped, to the joy of both, at that low door,
The door which ever, as self-opened, moves
To them that knock, and nightly sends abroad
Ministering spirits. Lying on the watch,
Two dogs of grave demeanour welcomed me,
All meekness, gentleness, though large of limb ;
And a lay-brother of the hospital
Who, as we toiled below, had heard by fits
The distant echoes gaining on his ear,
Came and held fast my stirrup in his hand
While I alighted. Long could I have stood
With a religious awe contemplating
That house, the highest in the Ancient World,
And destined to perform from age to age
The noblest service, welcoming as guests
All of all nations and of every faith ;
A temple, sacred to Humanity.
It was a pile of simple masonry,
With narrow windows and vast buttresses
Built to endure the shocks of time and chance ;
Yet showing many a rent, as well it might,
Warred on for ever by the elements,
And in an evil day, not long ago,
By violent men—when on the mountain-top

The French and Austrian banners met in conflict.
On the same rock beside it stood the church,
Reft of its cross, not of its sanctity ;
The vesper bell—for 'twas the vesper hour—
Duly proclaiming through the wilderness,
"All ye who hear, whatever be your work,
Stoop for an instant—move your lips in prayer."
And just beneath it, in that dreary dale,
If dale it might be called, so near to heaven,
A little lake, where never fish leaped up,
Lay like a spot of ink amid the snow ;
A star, the only one in that small sky,
On its dead surface glimmering. 'Twas a place
Resembling nothing I had left behind,
As if all worldly ties were now dissolved ;—
And, to incline the mind still more to thought,
To thought and sadness, on the eastern shore,
Under a beetling cliff, stood half in gloom
A lonely chapel destined for the dead,
For such as, having wandered from their way,
Had perished miserably. Side by side
Within they lie, a mournful company,
All in their shrouds, no earth to cover them ;
Their features full of life, yet motionless
In the broad day, nor soon to suffer change,
Though the barred windows, barred against the wolf,
Are always open ! But the north blew cold ;
And, bidden to a spare but cheerful meal,
I sate among the holy brotherhood
At their long board. The fare, indeed, was such
As is prescribed on days of abstinence,

But might have pleased a nicer taste than mine;
And through the floor came up an ancient crone,
Serving unseen below; while from the roof
(The roof, the floor, the walls of native fir)
A lamp hung flickering, such as loves to fling
Its partial light on apostolic heads,
And sheds a grace on all. Their Time as yet
Had changed not. Some were almost in the prime;
Nor was a brow o'ercast. Seen as they sate
Ranged round their ample hearth-stone in an hour
Of rest, they were as gay, as free from guile
As children; answering, and at once, to all
The gentler impulses, to pleasure, mirth;
Mingling at intervals with rational talk—
Music; and gathering news from them that came
As of some other world. But when the storm
Rose, and the snow rolled on in ocean-waves,
When on his face the experienced traveller fell,
Sheltering his lips and nostrils with his hands,
Then all was changed; and sallying with their pack
Into that blank of nature, they became
Unearthly beings. "Anselm, higher up,
Just where it drifts, a dog howls loud and long,
And now, as guided by a voice from heaven,
Digs with his feet. That noble vehemence,
Whose can it be but his who never erred?
A man lies underneath! Let us to work.
But who descends Mont Velan? 'Tis La Croix!
Away, away, if not, alas, too late.
Homeward he drags an old man and a boy,
Faltering and falling, and but half awaked,
Asking to sleep again!" Such their discourse.

Oft has a venerable roof received me ;
St. Bruno's once . . . But among them all
None can with this compare, the dangerous seat
Of generous, active virtue. What though frost
Reign everlastingly, and ice and snow
Thaw not, but gather, there is that within
Which, when it comes, makes summer ; and in thought
Oft am I sitting on the bench beneath
Their garden-plot, where all that vegetates
Is but some scanty lettuce, to observe
Those from the south ascending, every step
As though it were their last—and instantly
Restored, renewed, advancing as with songs
Soon as they see, turning a lofty crag
That plain, that modest structure, promising
Bread to the hungry, to the weary rest.

SAMUEL ROGERS

THE DESCENT

MY mule refreshed, his bells
Jingled once more, the signal to depart,
And as we set out in the grey light of dawn,
Descending rapidly—by waterfalls
Fast frozen and among huge blocks of ice
That in their long career had stopped midway,
At length unchecked, unbidden, he stood still,
And all his bells were muffled. Then my guide,
Lowering his voice, addressed me : "Thro' the gap
On and say nothing, lest a word, a breath
Bring down a winter's snow, enough to whelm

The armed files that, night and day, were seen
Winding from cliff to cliff in loose array
To conquer at Marengo. Though long since,
Well I remember how I met them here,
As the sun set far down, purpling the west ;
And how Napoleon, he himself no less,
Wrapt in his cloak—I could not be deceived—
Reined in his horse and asked me as I passed
How far 'twas to St. Remi. Where the rock
Juts forward, and the road, crumbling away,
Narrows almost to nothing at the base,
'Twas there, and down along the brink he led
To victory."

SAMUEL ROGERS

THE SIMPLON

DOWNWARDS we hurried fast
And, with the half-shaped road which we had missed,
Entered a narrow chasm. The brook and road
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy straight,
And with them did we journey several hours
At a slow pace. The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent, at every turn,
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the wayside
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,

The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree ;
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst and without end.

W. WORDSWORTH
The Prelude, vi. 619–640.

CROSSING THE ALPS

WHEN from the Valais he had turned, and clomb
Along the Simplon's steep and rugged road,
Following a band of muleteers, we reached
A halting-place, where all together took
Their noon-tide meal. Hastily rose our guide,
Leaving us at the board ; awhile we lingered,
Then faced the beaten downward way that led
Right to a rough stream's edge, and there broke off ;
The only track now visible was one
That from the torrent's farther brink held forth
Conspicuous invitation to ascend
A lofty mountain. After brief delay
Crossing the unbridged stream, that road we took
And clomb with eagerness, till anxious fears
Intruded, for we failed to overtake
Our comrades gone before. By fortunate chance,
While every moment added doubt to doubt,
A peasant met us, from whose mouth we learned

That to the spot which had perplexed us first
We must descend, and there should find the road,
Which in the stony channel of the stream
Lay a few steps, and then along its banks ;
And that our future course, all plain to sight,
Was downwards with the current of the stream.
Loth to believe what we so grieved to hear,
For still we had hopes that pointed to the clouds,
We questioned him again and yet again ;
But every word that from the peasant's lips
Came in reply, translated by our feelings,
Ended in this—that we had crossed the Alps.

W. WORDSWORTH

The Prelude, vi. 562–591

ST. GOTHARD

"WHEN stillness wraps St. Gothard's chain
And the warm west, serenely glowing,
With amber tints the snowy plain,
Then stay thee, traveller ! stay thy going !
For hearest thou not the gathering surge—
That signal in the zephyr's blowing ?
It warns thee of the coming scourge,
Then stay, rash stranger, stay thy going.

" White vapours o'er the valleys skim,
The skirts of the fierce tempest showing
Darkness usurps the glacier's rim—
Then stay, rash stranger, stay thy going."

He stayed, our châlet's humble cheer
Received the welcome guest and cherished,
While, in that night of storm and fear,
The scorners of our counsel perished.

W. BEATTIE

VIA MALA

HOW fearful even upon the steadfast ledge
To lean and watch where leaps the boiling surge
Like lightning, through the abyss, whose frowning edge,
Strewn thick with rocks and pines, whose trunks emerge
Majestic from the gulf—each like a wedge
Firm in its crevice—stoops with beetling verge
Above thee and below, and sheds a gloom
Of terror more appalling than the tomb.

W. BEATTIE

ONCE more—from solitudes that nurse the storm
In clouds where lightnings flash and whirlwinds form
Regions which scarce the chamois' feet explore,
'Tis sweet to linger on the Rhenish shore.
Those flowery pastures where the forest bee
Alights with every breeze and banquets free,
And Rhætia's Alpine summer sweetly throws
Around each step the perfume of the rose.

W. BEATTIE

VIA MALA

THAT dismal gulf from which the startled owl
Shrinks back in terror and the spectred night
Sits throned in chaos! Lo, in solemn cowl
A phantom nears the brink, while young and bright,
And trusting her betrayer—'mid the scowl
Of midnight, here the doomed one met his sight!
Struggled—implored—till from the precipice
He spurned, and plunged his victim in the abyss.

W. BEATTIE

MOONLIGHT AT THE HOSPICE

THE moonlight descent of the mountain, in so glorious a night, is an excursion of the greatest enjoyment. With what majesty and glory did the moon rise in the heavens! With what a flood of light, falling on the ancient grey peaks, crags, and rugged mountain ridges, glittering on the glaciers, shining on the white, foaming torrents, gilding the snowy outlines with ermines of pale fire, robing the fir-forests with a vail of melancholy, thoughtful, solemn beauty! In such an hour, in the stillness of midnight, the voices of the torrents, the sky, the moon, and the mountains go down into the soul. The wild gorges, the deep, torn ravines, the jagged precipices, the white glaciers, are invested by this moonlight of harvest, amidst their stern and awful desolation, with a charm that is indescribable.

G. B. CHEEVER, 1845

THE GORGE OF THE DRANCE

THE furious, torrent Drance thunders down the gorge between rugged and inaccessible mountains, where there is no vegetation but such as has fallen from its hold, as it were, in despair, and struggles in confusion. Rocks are piled up as if a whole mountain had fallen with its own weight; a gallery overhanging the torrent is passed through, and, to add some picturesqueness in a view of almost unrelenting desolation, you have a rude little wooden bridge carelessly thrown across the cataract for the inhabitants. A friar was leisurely fishing for trout along the eddying borders of the water.

G. B. CHEEVER, 1845

THE GRIMSEL

THE Grimsel is the gloomiest, dreariest, and most repulsive landscape, externally, to be found in any of the passes of Switzerland. The peaks of the mountains rise above it about a thousand feet, the rocks around it might remind you of some of Dante's goblins damned, like crouching hippopotamuses, or like gigantic demons chained and weeping, with the tears freezing in their eyelids. There is a little tarn, directly behind the hospice, which looks like Death, grim, black, stagnant, a fit mirror of the desolation around it. No fish live in it, but it is said to be never frozen over, though

covered deep with snow all winter. A boat like Charon's crosses it to get at the bit of green pasture beyond, where the cows of the hospice may be fed and milked for one or two months in the summer. There are admirable materials for goblin tales in this Spitzbergen landscape.

G. B. CHEEVER

THE GREAT ST. BERNARD

ALTHOUGH the St. Bernard convent is the highest inhabited spot but one in the world, the ascent is extremely gradual and uncommonly easy, really presenting no difficulties at all, until within the last league, when the ascent, lying through a place called the Valley of Desolation, is very awful and tremendous, and the road is rendered toilsome by scattered rocks and melting snow. The convent is a most extraordinary place, full of great vaulted passages, divided from each other with iron gratings, and presenting a series of the most astonishing little dormitories, where the windows are so small (on account of the cold and snow) that it is as much as one can do to get one's head out of them. Here we slept; supping thirty strong in a rambling room, with a great wood fire in it, set apart for that purpose; with a grim monk, in a high black sugar-loaf hat, with a great knob at the top of it, carving the dishes. At five o'clock in the morning the chapel bell rang in the dismallest way for matins; and I, lying in bed close to the chapel, and being awakened by the

solemn organ and the chanting, thought for a moment I had died in the night and passed into the unknown world.

CHARLES DICKENS
Letters

THE ST. GOTHARD

WE came over the St. Gothard, which has been open only eight days. The road is cut through the snow, and the carriage winds along a narrow path between two massive snow walls, twenty feet high or more. Vast plains of snow range up the mountain-sides above the road, itself seven thousand feet above the sea ; and tremendous waterfalls, hewing out arches for themselves in the vast drifts, go thundering down from precipices into deep chasms, here and there and everywhere ; the blue water tearing through the white snow with an awful beauty, which is most sublime. The pass itself, the mere pass over the top, is not so fine, I think, as the Simplon ; and there is no plain upon the summit, for the moment it is reached the plain begins. So that the loneliness and wildness of the Simplon are not equalled there. But being much higher, the ascent and descent range over a much greater space of country ; and on both sides there are places of terrible grandeur, unsurpassable, I should imagine, in the world. The Devil's Bridge, terrific ! The whole descent between Andermatt and Altdorf, William Tell's town, is the highest sublimation of all you can imagine in the way of

Swiss scenery. O God! what a beautiful country it is. How poor and shrunken, beside it, is Italy in its brightest aspect! CHARLES DICKENS
Letters

THE GREAT ST. BERNARD

ST. BERNARD had me at his feet and held me there. The wild and gloomy splendour of the Pass struck my heart and fired my imagination. Even the Simplon had nothing like this to give. The Simplon at its finest sang a pæan to civilisation; it glorified the science of engineering, and told you that it was a triumph of modernity. But this strange, unkempt Pass, with its inadequate road—now overhanging a sheer precipice, now dipping down steeply towards the wild bed of its sombre river—this Great St. Bernard seemed a secret way back into other centuries savage and remote. I felt shame that I had patronized it earlier, with condescending admiration of some prettinesses. . . . There was the old road, the Roman road, along which Napoleon had led his staggering thousands. These were his forts, scarcely yet crumbled into ruin. I saw the army, a straggling procession of haggard ghosts, following always, and falling as they followed, enacting again for me the passing scene of death and anguish. I was one of the men. I struggled on, because Napoleon needed all his soldiers. Then weakness crushed me like a weight of iron. A mist before my eyes shut out the opposite precipice, with its sparse pines and flashing

waterfalls, the mountain heights beyond and the merciless blue sky. This was death. Who cared? The echo of 30,000 feet was in my ears as they passed on, leaving me to die by the roadside, as I had left others before.

I started and waked from my dream. . . . But I clung to the comfortable present for a few moments only. The spell of dead centuries had me in its grip. Farther and farther back into the land of dead days I journeyed with St. Bernard, and helped him to found the monastery, which the eyes of my flesh had not yet seen. . . . Imagination is the one possession having which no man can be poor or mean or insignificant.

C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON
The Princess Passes

THE ST. GOTHARD PASS

Prince Henry. This is the highest point. Two ways the rivers
Leap down to different seas, and as they roll
Grow deep and still, and their majestic presence
Becomes a benefaction to the towns
They visit, wandering silently among them,
Like patriarchs old among their shining tents.

Elsie. How bleak and bare it is! Nothing but mosses
Grows on these rocks.

Prince Henry. Yet are they not forgotten;
Beneficent Nature sends the mists to feed them.

Elsie. See yonder little cloud, that, borne aloft
So tenderly by the wind, floats fast away

Over the snowy peaks! It seems to me
The body of St. Catherine, borne by angels.

Prince Henry. Thou art St. Catherine, and invisible angels
Bear thee across these chasms and precipices,
Lest thou shouldst dash thy foot against a stone.

Elsie. Would I were borne unto my grave, as she was,
Upon angelic shoulders. Even now
I seem uplifted by them, light as air.
What sound is that?

Prince Henry. The tumbling avalanches.

Elsie. How awful, yet how beautiful.

Prince Henry. These are
The voices of the mountains. Thus they ope
Their snowy lips, and speak unto each other
In the primæval language, lost to man.

Elsie. What land is this that spreads itself before us?

Prince Henry. Italy, Italy.

Elsie. Land of the Madonna.

H. W. LONGFELLOW
The Golden Legend

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE

THIS bridge is called the Devil's Bridge.
With a single arch, from ridge to ridge,
It leaps across the terrible chasm
Yawning beneath us, black and deep,
As if, in some compulsive spasm,
The summits of the hills had cracked,

And made a road for the cataract,
That raves and rages down the steep.

. . . . . .

Never any bridge but this
Could stand across the wild abyss ;
All the rest of wood or stone,
By the Devil's hand were overthrown.
He toppled crags from the precipice,
And whate'er was built by day,
In the night was swept away ;
None could stand but this alone.

. . . . . .

I showed you in the valley a boulder
Marked with the imprint of his shoulder ;
As he was bearing it up this way,
A peasant, passing, cried " Herr Jé ! "
And the Devil dropped it in his fright,
And vanished suddenly out of sight.

. . . . . .

Abbot Giraldus of Einseidel,
For pilgrims on their way to Rome,
Built this at last, with a single arch,
Under which, on its endless march,
Runs the river, white with foam,
Like a thread through the eye of a needle.
And the Devil promised to let it stand,
Under compact and condition,
That the first living thing that crossed
Should be surrendered into his hand,
And be beyond redemption lost.

. . . . . .

At length, the bridge being all completed,
The Abbot, standing at its head,
Threw across it a loaf of bread,
Which a hungry dog sprang after,
And the rocks re-echoed with peals of laughter
To see the Devil thus defeated.

H. W. LONGFELLOW
The Golden Legend

MISCELLANEOUS

DAVOZ

ALL round them rose the white, snow-clad hills, rising from shoulder to peak of glistening, dazzling surfaces. Just opposite and above stretched the long, single street of Davoz, with its rows of big hotels, tailing off to the right into scattered houses and châlets. Above the village hung little thin blue streamers of smoke from house-fires, but these were scarcely visible, for it seemed as if nothing smoky or foggy could live long in this miraculous air. Higher yet stretched black dots and clumps of pine-wood, off which the snow had melted and fallen, as the leaves were warmed with the instriking of the sun ; above that again rose the peaks and the spurs of the heaven-seeking hills. And over all stretched an incredible sky, bluer than the mind could otherwise conceive which had not seen it, more crystalline than glass and as untainted as the snow it looked upon. And shining there was the keynote of the whole, the huge golden sun, divinity made visible, enough to turn the sourest Puritan into a Parsee—sun, hot, unveiled sun, and the cleanness and purity of frost.

E. F. BENSON

Sheaves

THE JURAS

I DON'T know that there is anything in Switzerland that impresses one so much as one's first view of the Juras. It is the giant gateway of mountain-land—the entrance into a new world.

M. E. BRADDON
Asphodel

HIGH STREET AT BERNE

VERY old and quaint are the houses in this long street, many of them built over arcades, under which the foot-passengers walk, and within whose arches the market people set out their stalls. The drapery stalls, gay with many-coloured handkerchiefs fluttering in the summer air; the jewellers' stalls, all twinkling and flashing with that silver trinketry which is a national institution, chains of endless length, necklaces, earrings, bracelets, glittering in the sun; stalls loaded with fruits and vegetables; stalls of gaudy-coloured pottery, jugs and jars of queerest, quaintest shapes; and up and down the stony streets cows and oxen being led perpetually, meek, submissive, gentle, beautiful, in an endless procession; while here and there under a countryman's cart the patient dogs of burden lay at rest, placid but watchful, faithful guardians of the master's property.

M. E. BRADDON

LAKE CONSTANCE

WHITE from the waters, on their western verge
Constance and her cathedral towers emerge
And cross and cloister, tower and fortress, rest,
A shadowy world, within the water's breast !
Constance, at sight of thee, fresh from their source,
The Rhine's blue billows stay their rapid course,
And round thy walls, in living crystal thrown,
With glassy arms embrace thee like a zone,
And smooth their mountain wave to form for thee
Thy mirror lake—the beauteous Bodensee.

W. BEATTIE

FALLS OF SCHAFFHAUSEN

THE cataract seems to rush from the sky like an avalanche, filling the air with whirlwinds of vapour, and stunning the ear with the thunder of its fall. At that hour the foam is of dazzling whiteness ; clouds of drizzling vapour incessantly form and vanish away ; the ever-boiling vortex of the basin, into which the vast body of water is precipitated, represents a storm in miniature ; the trees and rocks and precipices, agitated by the continual shock imparted to the atmosphere, and that deep, unslackening roar in which the voice of a stentor seems hushed into the whisper of a sick girl, impart sensations which it is difficult to explain, and impossible for any spectator to forget.

W. BEATTIE

PARTING

YE storm-winds of autumn !
  Who rush by, who shake
The window, and ruffle
  The gleam-lighted lake ;
Who cross to the hillside
  Thin-sprinkled with farms,
Where the high woods strip sadly
  Their yellowing arms—
Ye are bound for the mountains !
  Ah ! with you let me go
Where your cold, distant barrier,
  The vast range of snow,
Through the loose clouds lifts dimly
  Its white peaks in air—
How deep is their stillness !
  Ah, would I were there !

Hark ! fast by the window
  The rushing winds go,
To the ice-cumbered gorges,
  The vast seas of snow !
There the torrents drive upward
  Their rock-strangled hum ;
There the avalanche thunders
  The hoarse torrent dumb.
—I come, O ye mountains !
  Ye torrents, I come !

Hark ! the wind rushes past us !
  Ah ! with that let me go

To the clear, waning hill-side,
  Unspotted by snow,
There to watch, o'er the sunk vale
  The froze mountain-wall,
Where the niched snow-bed sprays down
  Its powdery fall.
There its dusky blue clusters
  The aconite spreads ;
There the pines slope, the cloud-strips
  Hung soft in their heads.
No life but, at moments,
  The mountain-bee's hum.
—I come, O ye mountains !
  Ye pine-woods, I come.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE TERRACE AT BERNE

TEN years !—and to my waking eye
  Once more the roofs of Berne appear ;
The rocky banks, the terrace high
  The stream !—and do I linger here ?

. . . . . .

The clouds are on the Oberland,
  The Jungfrau snows look faint and far ;
But bright are these green fields at hand,
  And through these fields comes down the Aar.

. . . . . .

And from the blue twin-lakes it comes,
  Flows by the town, the churchyard fair ;
And 'neath the garden-walk it hums—
  The house ! and is my Marguerite there ?

. . . . . .

Ah, shall I see thee, while a flush
  Of startled pleasure floods thy brow,
Quick through the oleanders brush,
  And clap thy hands, and cry: "'Tis thou!"

MATTHEW ARNOLD

CONSTANCE

GIRT round with rugged mountains
  The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected
  Shine back the starry skies;
And watching each white cloudlet
  Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of heaven
  Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there: and silence,
  Enthroned in heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
  Upon a sleeping town:

Mountain, and lake, and valley,
  A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved, one night
  Three hundred years ago.

A. A. PROCTER

THE BROOK RHINE

SWIFT current of the wilds, afar from men,
  Changing and sudden as a baby's mood;
Now a green, babbling rivulet in the wood,
Now loitering broad and shallow through the glen

Or threading 'mid the naked shoals, and then
Brattling against the stones, half-mist, half-flood,
Between the mountains where the storm-clouds brood
And each change but to wake or sleep again.

Pass on, young stream, the world has need of thee;
Far hence a mighty river on its breast
Bears the deep-laden vessels to the sea;
Far hence wide waters feed the vines and corn.
Pass on, small stream, to so great purpose born,
On to the distant toil, the distant rest.

A. WEBSTER

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